

NO. 8.

Grand and San Bruno Aves.,
South San Francisco, Cal.

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The only people who have all they want don't want much.

Men who never swear would probably be unwilling to have all their thoughts written out.

The bank clerk who begins by living beyond his means generally ends by living behind the bars.

Many a fellow who was excited during the election now finds a thrill in looking after the ravages of the codlin moth.

Mark Twain forgot, a few evenings ago, that he was invited out to dinner. Most authors, unhappily, have strong reasons for vividly remembering such engagements.

The venerable Bishop Wheeler has sized up the Empress Dowager correctly, no doubt, when he says that she "is a woman of marvelous ability, without principle, and a perfect Jezebel."

American firms are going to build five great battleships for Russia. We might exult more over this matter if it were not for the fact that Germany was tickled when Krupp got his big contracts for furnishing arms to China.

If that poet who compliments his straw-haired wife by saying that all angels are blondes should ever go home with a black or brown hair on his shoulder he might stumble on to the discovery that all blondes are not angels.

Since the death of Jay Gould the total of the family fortune has grown from \$55,000,000 to \$100,000,000. In view of these figures, the four-million-dollar investment of poor, little Anna does not seem such a frightful extravagance.

Could there be a finer tribute to the American soldier than the following words of an English observer in China? He says that they "have distinguished themselves not only in the face of the enemy, but equally so against the temptations that exist in a city like Peking under existing conditions."

The Prince of Wales wears his trousers without a crease. This will be bad news for the tailors and good news for people who have for years been haunted by fears of baggy trousers. However, as one tailor says, "we can have creases in our trousers without the consent of any other nation" if we want to.

The Connecticut woman who has sued a physician because he changed her complexion from that of a blonde to a brunette really ought to have a little patience. The brunette will be in fashion again before long, and then she will be glad of the change. But woman always was an impulsive creature.

A New York bank clerk rises to protest that "if Diogenes were living today, he could find the man he was looking for right in any bank in the country, yes, and not only one, but any number of the specimen for which he searched in vain"—and he is probably correct. All honor to the honest men in our financial institutions on whom dishonest men occasionally bring undeserved dishonor!

The Sons of the American Revolution in Hawaii recently offered a prize for the best oration, written and delivered in English, upon a specified historic theme. The competition was open to every boy in the islands. Was it the son of a Son, a native Hawaiian, a clever Japanese, a Portuguese of ancient lineage who, at that cosmopolitan crossroads of the Pacific, won the coveted prize? No, it was a full-blooded son of that China which is now the political problem of the world.

Government by syndicate is repudiated in Newfoundland. A shrewd speculator succeeded a year or two ago in getting many of the functions of the colonial government farmed out to him. This year he planned to get fuller control of the Legislature and complete the process of turning the colony into a stock company. The people have, however, defeated him overwhelmingly and will retain what little self-government is left to them, if indeed they do not resume possession of much that he has already taken.

You may talk about your cooking schools and your chafing dishes all you like. But when you have walked fifteen miles with dog and gun in the wake of quails and come at sundown to a big farm house where "the missus" fries a piece of ham the size of a shingle, with fresh eggs just brown enough and provides light biscuits, made from jug yeast, and apple butter and cow butter and boiled potatoes and that ham gravy, and coffee strong enough to bounce an iron wedge, and dill pickles and pumpkin pie—why, what's the use of cooking schools?

This is a witty age. Everything tends to brevity. A few years ago the short-story movement began. Then public speakers learned that the longer their "spels" the shorter their influence. They began to run the blue pencil through their most swelling thought and trim the edges of their rhetoric. Now an orator who holds his audience more than an hour is rarely heard, preachers who go beyond twenty

minutes being voted bores. Who now will read a six-volume novel? The Bookman says that the modern novel seldom contains more than 70,000 words, and 40,000 is better. At the same time sentences tend to shorten. Hooker's average sentence contained 41 words, Macaulay brought it down to 22 and Emerson to 20. Probably the average in current penwork is less than 20. Cut it short. By any by we shall talk in monosyllables, grunts or gasps. We have no time to accumulate words in sequence. Why use two words when one will serve the turn? And why waste a word when a look will suffice? We haven't time to talk. There is no money in it.

Though Elias Howe had only forty-seven instead of fifty-three votes, and so fails of immediate access to the Hall of Fame, there can be no doubt that his great invention should be a satisfactory card of admission. The same is true not only of Morse and Whitney, the successful candidates, but also of Fulton and McCormick. If the world had not been blessed by the discoveries of such of these men its development would have been seriously retarded. Morse destroyed distance, and aside from his service to mankind in general he performed an invaluable service for his own country. Without the telegraph a republic covering a continent would have been impossible. Whitney made the business of the Southern States, McCormick made the United States the world's granary, and Fulton's genius shines in those great ocean carriers which have revolutionized the commerce of the world. It is difficult to pass upon the relative merits of such work, but vital as it all is to human progress, Howe is not outclassed in the competition. Probably the women's vote would be unanimous in his favor, for he has lightened the labor of woman a hundred fold in some directions and increased their opportunities for employment a hundred fold in others. If to-day the sewing machine is a commonplace adjunct of every household, it is not so long since it was regarded as a boon of the first magnitude. Many a woman subjected herself to daily sacrifices for weeks and months that she might purchase one from her scanty savings. When the price was high even the little hand machine was gladly welcomed, and there was always the resolution to go on from the substitute to the real thing. But this domestic phase of the question is only one of its many sides. The principle has been applied on the larger scale of enormous wealth-producing industries of various sorts until now the world would be at a loss without it. Business aggregating millions yearly, business which diffuses comforts among a countless multitude, would never have been developed, and life would be much harder than it is had not Howe persevered in spite of privations and discouragements and triumphed over the race of skeptics which always distrusts the gifts of genius.

A Perplexed Celestial.
There is a young Chinaman in town who is studying medicine, and the stories he has to tell about his experiences are often well worth hearing. During the heated days of last August he came home one afternoon looking decidedly disgusted.

"These American girls—they are so funny," he said with a despairing little gesture. "One come to me this morning. She had a very bad sun-burned neck and shoulders, and she wanted it treated, I say: 'You get this out bathing?' 'She say: 'No—I get it wearing lace yoke.' 'I turn away. She say: 'What you prescribe?' 'I say: 'Cloth yoke,' and go away from her. She looked offended, but I do not see why. What else could I say? But these American girls are very foolish," and the clever young celestial shook his head in despair of ever understanding the vagaries of girls who criticised plucked feet, and went around the streets with their shoulders practically bare.

Dogs with Territorial Rules.
All the streets in Constantinople are divided up into separate dog quarters, which are inhabited by sets of dogs varying from perhaps ten to twenty in number. The frontiers of each quarter are known only to the dogs themselves, though one can get to know them by noticing how far a dog will follow one when enticed by some food. Each separate colony guards its colony with the utmost vigilance, and these same creatures which seem so indifferent to all that goes on around them will at once jump up and bark at any strange dog that encroaches upon their territory, and should the intruder persist they will set upon him and chase him out again. One wonders how the demarcation of these quarters was first arrived at.

Sneeze Wood.
Among its many peculiarities South Africa includes the "sneeze-wood" tree, which takes its name from the fact that one cannot cut it with a saw without sneezing, as the fine dust has, exactly, the effect of snuff. Even in planing the wood it will sometimes cause sneezing. No insect, worm, or bar-nacle, will touch it; it is very bitter to the taste, and its specific gravity is heavier than water. The color is light brown, the grain very close and hard; it is a nice-looking wood, and takes a good polish. For dock work, piers, or jetties, it is a useful timber, lasting a long time under water.

Barbers Are Brain Workers.
The Dublin queen's bench has decided that under the employers' and workmen's act a barber is not a workman, because he must use his brains.

One thousand dollars was paid at a Kansas City stock sale for a Hereford bull calf.

The little town of Ivrea, in the Valle d'Aosta, Italy, is celebrating the twentieth century of its foundation. The little town sits in a beautiful nook on the southern side of the Alps and is much beloved of such tourists as discover it.

Mrs. Kabos, who lives near the Cayuga coal beaker on Ferdinand street, Scranton, Pa., was walking through her garden, when the earth gave way and dropped her forty feet into a mine. She was rescued in a short time, having sustained only trifling injuries.

According to General Baden-Powell, there is a future for girls in South Africa. The situation is realized by practical Germans, who have already started a regular emigration bureau for young women, most of whom are engaged or married almost as soon as they land.

The public stairway at the White House has at last yielded to the pressure of the constant trooping of visitors up and down it, and is now so weak that it needs repairs. Colonel Bingham is putting in more support for the second flight, which is suspended by a steel rod.

An express train speeding toward Williamsport, Pa., struck a huge bowlder while going fifty miles an hour about 2 o'clock in the morning. A slower or lighter train would probably have been wrecked, but as it was the bowlder was tossed from the track. It had been loosened by recent rains and had rolled onto the rails.

Facilities are rapidly being provided by the New Zealand educational department for the training of Maori children. There are now eighty-four Maori schools in the colony, and a number of scholarships are provided for Maori children to enable them to proceed to the higher schools or to undergo a course of technical training.

The Boston Athenaeum has long contained three busts which no one in that city was able to identify. The assistant librarian, a young woman, has just recognized them as excellent likenesses of Lewis Cass, the great statesman; Nicholas Biddle, one of the most eminent financiers of the century, and a Russian prince, famous all over the world.

A farmer in Southern Missouri recently received some grain seeds from the Department of Agriculture in an official envelope, on the outside of which was printed the usual warning: "Penalty for private use, \$300." He immediately sent them back, with a letter to the effect that he had not used one of them and was not subject to any fine.

Neodesha, Kan., has a population of about 1,500, which includes more than people than any place twice its size in America. Many men weigh less than 100 pounds, though in good health. Physicians say that the petroleum and natural gas wells there are responsible for making the people look like whitened refugees from a famine district in India.

Since 1897 Jay Jansen, agent in charge of a whaling station at Cape Haven, Baffin Land, has been alone at that isolated spot. The relief steamer Lily of the North, carrying a year's provisions for the lone watcher, was recently wrecked and now it will be impossible to reach him before next summer, by which time he probably will have died of starvation.

A peculiar incident was witnessed in the Bethany Presbyterian Church of Trenton, N. Y. The sermon had a soporific effect upon Harry Tidd, a young druggist, and he fell asleep. While still in slumber he arose, removed his coat, vest and collar and was about to further disrobe when the women in his vicinity screamed. An usher aroused him and led him out of the church.

Rest rooms for farmers' wives are being established in some towns in the West. They are located in the business center and are made cozy and comfortable with easy chairs, lounges, books and magazines. Some offer tea at the nominal price of 3 cents a cup. These rooms are sustained by women's clubs in the cities, or the merchants of the cities contribute to them, with the idea that they help to draw trade.

A group of apartment houses in Utica, N. Y., is provided throughout with electrical cooking utensils, consisting of three round platters, or "stoves," an oven and a broiler. When not needed they can be stowed away, leaving no outward trace of the use to which the room is put. The air is not vitiated and the apartment is kept much cooler. The same apartments are provided with electric curling tong heaters, which are much appreciated.

The plot of ground on which stands the historic monument erected at Tappan, N. Y., by the late Cyrus W. Field in memory of Andre, the revolutionary spy, has been sold for nonpayment of taxes. Since the death of Mr. Field the memorial has been neglected, and it has now passed into the hands of George Dickey, of Nyack, who says he will obliterate it. The monument was unveiled Oct. 2, 1879, and in April, 1882, attempts were made to destroy it by an explosion of nitroglycerin.

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TOPIC TIMES

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northeast, and there is 300 feet on each side of this writin'. It's called the Bay Horse, and we claim even the spurs, and we don't want nobody jumping on this Bay Horse—that's what's these trees is around here and we've got the same piece of rope that we had down in old Missouri."

Unique among woman's clubs, perhaps, is that which was launched five years ago in Honolulu and is now reported to be at last on a firm footing. It was started by an American school teacher, who was wont to invite young girls to her home once a week for informal conversation on some topic. The outgrowth was a full-fledged club of thirty-four members, most of them being Hawaiians, with a mixture, however, of Chinese and Portuguese. The president this year is a Chinese girl, who wears her quaint national costume when she fills the official chair.

QUEER THINGS IN CHINA.

Features of an Oriental City that Struck a Missionary as Peculiar.

Miss Louise Hodgkins, in a letter to Zion's Herald dated early in the present year, describes her arrival at the city of Chinkiang, on the bank of the Yangtze River. The primitive character of the city is not due entirely to its age, for it has been largely rebuilt since the Taiping rebellion, a date that in China corresponds to our "before the war." With a chance to begin afresh, the inhabitants only crowded closer to the shore, leaving the hills to the fort, the barracks and the various missions.

It was 10 o'clock at night when the writer reached this Chinese city. A bright starlight enabled her to follow a friend through the Concession, along the unpaved streets, and up to the heights beyond.

"What are these curious haystack mounds?" was the newcomer's first question, as she picked her way among strange hillocks.

"Oh, these are the graves," was the reply. "Didn't you know we lived in the very middle of a graveyard?"

There were hundreds of them, each surmounted by a cap of fresh soil of the size and shape of an inverted milk pan. This soil is the new cap provided annually for the traveler journeying to the undiscovered country. Miss Hodgkins did not chance, as often happens, to stumble over a coffin left uninterred until the family Solon should declare that the propitious moment for burial had arrived.

"And what are these?" was her question a few minutes later, as by the light of a coolie's lantern she and her friend stumbled among graves and mud-puddles, and came suddenly upon what looked like the top of the traditional prairie-schooner, save that it was a trifle broader and was thatched.

"These are the huts of the very poor," was the answer; and huts they were. Windowless, doorless—except for an entrance hole—fleeceless, floorless, they were all the shelter the occupants had through winters as severe as those of New England. The deep breathing within and the occasional bark of a dog gave constant token that the travelers were passing through a thickly settled neighborhood.

Next morning, under the sunlight, the graves looked numberless, but they were seen to blossom with violets and dandelions. Far below, too far for its squalor and wretchedness to be seen, stretched the city, while under the windows of the house was the parade ground.

Breathlessly the newcomer inquired what the soldiers at drill were doing with the long fishing rods, with which they appeared to be running violently at each other, uttering wild Indian yells.

It was explained that this was an ancient form of onslaught come down from the days of Confucius at the latest. Its object is to trip up the antagonist with the long stick, throw water in his face, and in the midst of his bewilderment at this extraordinary treatment to cut off his head.

The writer found it hard to believe her eyes and ears. And all this was after the recent Chino-Japanese war, when the Chinese found out to their humiliation, but evidently not to their enlightenment, what the enemy would do while they were shaking sticks and fans at them.

Made Himself Understood.

When Henry S. Watson, the illustrator, landed at Naples, he did not know much about European travel. He had to make some sketches in the villages about Naples and his experiences have filled him with wonder enough for a lifetime. His deft pencil helped him a bit. At one little village inn he tried to get it through the landlord's head that he was to be called early in the morning. He couldn't make himself understood. At last he drew a picture of himself lying in bed, the sun peeping through the window, the clock at the hour of 6 and the chambermaid knocking at the door. Then it was quite plain and they woke him on the tick. —Philadelphia Post.

He Objected.

He—I don't like the idea of using so much secular music in our church. Did you notice the selection the organist played last Sunday?

She—No. What was it?

He—I don't know the name of it, but it is something I have frequently heard at sacred concerts.—Harlem Life.

Egyptian Jewel Saws and Drills.
There is good evidence, says Engineering, that the ancient Egyptians used reciprocating saws and hollow drills set with jewels, and that they worked them under great pressure to get coarse cuts.

Oxen Take to Poison.
To the South African oxen the tea plant, which the beasts greedily devour if they can get it, is rank poison.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

THIS IS THEIR DEPARTMENT OF THE PAPER.

Quaint Sayings and Cute Doings of the Little Folks Everywhere, Gathered and Printed Here for All Other Little Ones to Read.

"Oh! mamma," said Phyllis, as she climbed into her mother's lap, her usual resting place at the twilight hour, "please tell me about sister Clara and old George."

"Why, darling, you've heard that so many times I'm sure you can tell it as well as I."

"But it's a truly story, and I never get tired of hearing them," replied the little girl as she cuddled closer to her mother.

"Well," said her mother, "once on a time, as the story tellers say, when we had no little Phyllis, but only Clara, and she wasn't much more than a baby, for she had only learned to walk a little while before, papa and Clara and I went to live on a farm for a couple of years. We had two beautiful bay horses that we called 'old George' and 'old Charlie,' because they were so sober quiet horses and had outgrown coltish ways. The younger horses we just called 'the colts.'"

"One night when the men came up to supper they tied the horses to the fence for a little while, until they had eaten their supper and done the chores. Clara was trotting around, very busy and happy, and I was hurrying to do my work before dark, so I forgot all about her."

"By and by, as it began to get quite dark, one of the men untied old George's halter and started to lead him to the stable, but he would not stir. The man pulled and called, but George wouldn't move an inch. He stood perfectly still. He was always so quick to obey before that the man couldn't understand it, and began to look around to see what was the trouble."

"And there on the ground between old George's feet, where he must have stepped on the little thing if he had started, lay little Clara fast asleep."

"Of course the man picked her up and brought her to the house very quickly. Then when he took hold of the halter, the good old horse followed him at once, and kept looking at him and whinnying, as if to say: 'Didn't I do a pretty sensible thing?'"

"Oh, my," said Phyllis, "wasn't he smart?"

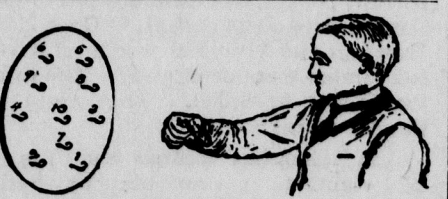
"We thought nothing too good for him after that," continued her mother. "When we sold the farm and the old horses with it, we felt almost as though we had left part of the family behind."

—Our Little Ones.

A Noiseless Ring Game.

The small rubber rings that are used in every household with which to seal preserve jars may be made the means of much amusement when a lively game is desired. First, obtain a smooth head of a flour barrel, and see that the pieces are all fastened together, forming a circular board; or any smooth board about a square foot in size will serve the purpose.

Procure ten coat hooks of medium size and secure them into the board, arranging them as shown in the accompanying illustration, and mark above each hook its number, as shown, ranging from No. 1 to No. 10. A hole may be made in the upper end of the



board, or a screw-eye inserted, by which to hang it upon the nail in the wall.

No. 10 is a sort of a "bull's-eye," and each player being given three of the rubber rings, takes turn in throwing them from a position about ten feet away, endeavoring to "hook" as many on the board as possible. A score is kept of the points gained by each player, the one first getting 100 points being the winner. However, exactly 100 points must be made. For instance, if a player has 99 he has to work for "Hook No. 1," as any other hook would carry him over the mark. This difficulty adds to the interest of the game.

An advantage of the game is that no noise is made nor damage done by the rings, and it may be improvised by any boy or girl.

Bogie Land.

There's a wonderful land called Bogie Land.
On the other side of the moon;
Where the big round sun stockstill doth stand,
And it's always afternoon;
The time of year it is always May,
And there's never ice nor snow;
But they never can tell the time of day,
For the Bogie-Land clocks don't go.

No houses are builded in Bogie-Land,
No cities nor towns are there;
But beautiful trees in blossom stand,
In the sunlight everywhere;
The leaves don't fall, nor the roses fade,
And the birds don't fly away;
And both in the sunlight and the shade
It is just so warm each day.

They never labor in Bogie-Land,
And nothing is bought nor sold;
And nobody there can understand
Why people should strive for gold;
There sugar grows on a sugar tree,
And cream in the river flows,
And bon-bons always are furnished free—
Oh, wouldn't you like to go?

A wonderful land is this Bogie-Land,
On the other side of the moon;
And the people there are a happy band,
And life is a blessed boon;

I'll tell you what we had better do
Some beautiful summer day—
Just pack our traps, with a friend or two,
And sail for that land away.

And I'll be the king of the Bogie-Land,
And the babies all shall be
My loyal subjects, each to stand
And defend me valiantly,
And we'll dance to a rollicking jolly tune
Just forever and for aye,
In that land where it's always afternoon
And the month is always May.
—Chicago Record.

Had His Royal Face Washed.

One of the many stories going the round of Germany about the Crown Prince's childhood has almost become a household word with his future subjects, so frequently has it been told in nurseries. Nothing afforded the young heir, as a youngster of 6 or 7, greater pleasure than to watch the sentries salute as he passed in or out of the castle at Potsdam, and the poor soldiers were kept at it from night till morning. This delight was equalled only by his aversion to water, and the poor woman who was charged with his toilet averred that he lay awake nights devising a means to escape the cold morning bath.

One day the child rushed in upon the Emperor and the Empress as they sat at breakfast with a furious complaint against the sentry, who had neglected to salute him as usual that morning. The Emperor drew his son closer to him, examined him curiously, and then replied:

"I don't wonder, my son, the poor sentinel did not recognize the Crown Prince in this dirty-faced little boy, so I cannot have him reprimanded."

It was the last time the Prince ever refused to have his face washed.—Collins's Weekly.

Be Greater than Your Position.
If I had a son, I should tell him many times a day to make himself as big a man on the inside as possible.

Young men too often want to be big men on the outside; to occupy positions which fit them as a turtle shell fits a clam. Never mind your position, young man. Whatever it may be try to fill it. The duties which you have to perform may seem trivial; but because it is a small position is no reason why you should be a small man. You may be big inside, you know, if you are small outside.

The young man who applies himself to internal growth, as it were, is bound in time to find a place where he will be able to use every power he possesses. At any rate, better be a big man in a small place than the opposite. A pinch of powder in a small cartridge can make a deal of noise and drive a bullet a long way. What can it do in a Krupp gun?

ORIGIN OF KISSING.

Scientist Lombroso Says Oculaction Is a Modern Practice.

According to Prof. Cesare Lombroso, the distinguished Italian criminologist, kissing is quite a modern practice and originated in a very curious manner. The kiss, as a token of affection, was unknown to the old Greeks, and neither in Homer nor in Herodotus do we find any mention of it. Hector did not kiss his Andromache when he bade her farewell, neither did Paris press his lips to those of the beautiful Helen, and Ulysses, who was more of a cosmopolitan than any man of his day, never dreamed of kissing the enchanting Circe, and when after long wanderings he returned home to his spouse, Penelope, he satisfied himself with putting one of his stalwart arms around her waist and drew her to him.

The people of Terre del Fuego, says Lombroso, have taught civilized nations the origin of the delightful art of kissing. Drinking vessels are unknown in that country, and the people, when they are thirsty, simply lie down beside brooks and drink the water as it flows by them. It is evident, however, that infants could not satisfy their thirst in this primitive fashion, and, therefore, their mothers have for ages supplied them with water by filling their own mouths first and then letting it pass through their lips into the expectant mouths of their little ones. In some places the banks of the brooks and rivers are so high that water cannot be obtained in the usual way, and the mothers in such places draw it up through long reeds.

Birds fed their young ones in a similar manner. They first fill their own mouths with water and then transfer it to the wide-open mouths of the little ones. This very ancient maternal practice is, according to Lombroso, the only source to which the modern practice of pressing one mouth to another originated with the women in Terre del Fuego, who could only supply their infants with drink in this manner, and it is presumable that they learned the lesson from the birds. Finally, we are told that kissing is an evidence of atavism and a memorial of that early stage in our development, "during which the wife had not yet triumphed over the mother, nor love over maternity."

Lombroso's views on this subject meet with the general approval of scientists, though there are some who point out that his explanation of the origin of kissing is not in accordance with the one handed down to us by the old Romans. These latter maintain that the kiss was invented by husbands, who desired to ascertain in this way whether during their absence from home their wives had been drinking their wine or not.—New York Herald.

Feeding a Multitude.

This is the kitchen equipment of the great Parisian store that furnishes meals to all its employees, 4

THE DYING YEAR.

THE lyric year is almost dead.
The lyric year of flower and song.
Silent and unillumined
Delaying autumn winds along;
And not as it was wont to be,
Ruddy with rosebloom, pink and red,
Her face is very pale to see.

On many a woodland pathway strewn
Her unregarded harvests lie—
The bronzing leaf and russet cone
That swung 'neath summer's amber sky.
Nor dream'd that they would ever fall
When the year's tardiest bloom had blown,
And fog and frost were over all.

Lo, this was where the hawthorn shook
In golden spring her showy spray;
Here is the speedwell's mossy nook,
Ah, empty as the empty day!
The brown dew rustles at our feet
Beside the little meadow brook,
Where once we gather'd grasses sweet.

And yet how fragrant is the air
That blows across the flowerless wealds!
And in the sunset glow how fair
The sunset glow how fair!
Though barren, show the quiet fields.
Bless'd with the calm abiding grace
Of one still purpose'd to repair.
The wither'd bloom of Nature's face,
—Pall Mall Gazette.

THE SOLDIER'S CHRISTMAS.

BY DOUGLAS B. MCKENZIE.

WON'T you tell us just one more story, Cousin Jack? Then we won't ask you for any more to-night," pleaded little Beryl.

"Say, Cousin Jack," interrupted Jimmy, who evidently had the morrow's feast continually in mind, "did you get any Christmas dinner last year while you was in the army?"

"Ha! ha! ha! I should say I did, and Uncle Sam didn't furnish it, either."

"Tell us about it. Mamma, can't we stay up for just this one?" coaxed Beryl.

"Yes, if you haven't tired Jack out, maybe he will tell us about it, and then you must not tease him any more to-night."

"All right," said good-natured Jack. "You know last winter we were at Camp Mackenzie, near Augusta, Ga., on the western bank of the Savannah. It was a picturesque spot, and made an ideal camp ground. All around us were the old earthworks and rifle pits made there in the '60s, and which were now over-



"HANDS UP, THAR!"

grown with shrubbery. Scattered about were broad, old-fashioned residences with fireplaces at both ends. West of us lay the rolling hills, dotted here and there with small farms.

"Well, we had been down there pretty nearly a month, and the novelty of our surroundings wore off with the approach of Christmas. We had long since gotten tired of beans and hardtack, and sometimes we wanted some extras, like fresh vegetables or maybe a chicken or turkey. Of course we always paid for them if we were asked to, which wasn't very often.

"One fine warm afternoon, an old, seedy looking 'cracker' strolled out towards his combination barn, pigpen and hen coop. For some time past, at odd intervals, he had been missing some of his fowl, and had discovered some tracks near his hen roost. They were of different sizes, but were all made by the same style of shoe, and the old 'cracker' reckoned that the soldier boys had his place spotted. He took his old gun and lay down on a pile of rye straw behind the barn to watch for chicken thieves.

"From away over the hills where he could see only the flags on their tall staffs came the sound of bugles. Then came the distant strains of 'The Star-Spangled Banner' and the farmer veteran raised his old hat, holding it until the last strains had died away.

"Fifteen minutes later, as 'taps' was sounding, which meant that each soldier must be in his bunk, he was thinking that his fowl were safe, when a sound near by startled him, and he jumped to his feet. He saw two figures cautiously approaching and raised his gun.

"Hands up, thar! What'r you ails after?" he demanded.

"Hens," said a voice, and before he could think his gun was wrested from him and a strong pair of arms pinned his own behind his back.

"Now you be good and stand still," continued the voice of a fellow with bars on his sleeve, as he mechanically picked up the gun, took off the caps, spat in the firing tube, and handed it back with, "Take your old blunderbuss. I guess it's mustered out of service now, and we'll talk business. We borrowed some of your hens and a turkey a few nights ago, intending to pay for them, but we didn't want to wake the family to do it. We want another turkey or a goose for Christmas, and if you'll make out your bill we'll square up with you. We didn't take any of your old setting hens or roosters, because we always respect old age, and we want you to pick out young ones for us."

"The old 'cracker' had sat bewildered at the sudden turn in affairs, but he finally drawled out:

"Waal, Corp'ral, you ails hev got the drap on me this time for shore, but ye seem to be far en squar. When I was yore age I was fightin' agin the Yanks. Maybe agin yore own dads. I recollect doin' some foragin' myself, and I dunno ez I ever offered any money for hens I stole. I've got a boy, Jim, jest about yore age en build, Corp'ral, off in Manila, en he's a-fightin' fer the old flag. I don't reckon he'll git any Christmas dinner unless he steals somethin'."

"I see you've got Co. M, 35th Mich., on your hat. Now, I kin go over en tell yore colonel 'morrow about what you've been a-doin' en he'll put you in the guard-house, en maybe take off yore stripes, but if you all'll promise me that you'll come over here en eat a Christmas dinner with we uns, I'll let you off. It won't be a swell spread, but we'll hev that turkey en ez good a snack ez we kin fix up fer ye."

"Well," concluded Corporal Jack, "you bet we were over there on time next day and ate the best Christmas dinner we ever tasted."

A Boy's Christmas.

What shall be said of that blundering kindness of home folks that considers giving the boy only presents of such things as he actually needs? It is an outrage upon the spirit of Christmas to present him with new shoes, ties, hand-

HAPPY NEW YEAR.



WITH words that fall sweet as the notes of a harp,
With nothing about them discordant or sharp,
We meet and we greet those in life we hold dear,
And tenderly wish them a Happy New Year.

A Happy New Year, for the old year has fled,
The leaves of its book to the last have been read;
New blessings, new tasks, new fulfillments will be,
Oh, friend, in the year that is coming, for thee.

From husband to wife, and from father to

sent. On Christmas eve all the employees of the house—the clerical staff, the ushers and the domestic servants—are given, through the established munificence of the President, a fine fat turkey. Fifty fowls, selected from the best in the market, are purchased for this event, so that everybody about the famous mansion has reason for rejoicing.—Woman's Home Companion.

Christmas Giving.

It is a poor sort of charity which gives away only what it does not care to keep. And yet it is foolish to conclude that because a thing has no value to us, it is useless to others. The toy you used to play with would look as beautiful in the eyes of some child as it did in yours a few years ago. That outgrown winter coat should be warming some chilled little body, instead of being reserved for moths. The little pictures and knick-knacks which have outlived their day as far as your home is concerned, and are packed away, might brighten and beautify some other home which has little in the way of adornment.

Perhaps some of you say that you do not think much of this for Christmas giving. And that is just where you make your mistake. For one of the beauties of the Christmastide is that its giving has no sting. Charity loses that shade of meaning which has made it almost an unpleasant word, and is only another name for love. The sensitive pride of that poor widow, who would almost rather

THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM.

WHEN, marshalled on the nightly plain,
The glittering host bestud the sky,
One star alone, of all the train,
Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.

Hark! hark! to God the chorus breaks,
From every host, from every gem;
But one alone the Savior speaks,
It is the Star of Bethlehem.

Once on the raging seas I rode,
The storm was loud, the night was dark;
The ocean yawned, and rudely blow'd
The wind that tossed my foundering bark.

Deep horror then my vitals froze,
Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem;
When suddenly a star arose—
It was the Star of Bethlehem.

It was my guide, my light, my all;
It bade my dark forebodings cease;
And through the storm and danger's thrall
It led me to the port of peace.

Now safely moored, my perils o'er,
I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
Forever and forevermore,
The Star—the Star of Bethlehem!
—Henry Kirke White.

CHRISTMAS AND BELLS.

Close Association of the Jolly Ringers with the Great Festival.

THE Christmas festival is still ushered in and welcomed with bursts of melody from the bells in many parts of England. In Rieardean, near Gloucester, there is a benefaction to the ringers of five shillings a year, given by the Rev. Anthony Sterry in 1598, "for ringing a peal on Christmas eve, about midnight, for two hours, in commemoration of the nativity." At the Collegiate Church, Wolverhampton, it is customary to ring two bells for fifteen minutes at 4 o'clock on Christmas eve, the popular interpretation of their strokes being "Christ born." At Dewsbury and at Horbury in Yorkshire, a single bell is tolled later on that evening, and is called the devil's knell, the explanation being that the devil died when Christ was born. In other places, again, peals are rung long before dawn on Christmas morning. In our country bells and their pretty significance are closely associated with Christmastide.

A Child's Dream.

Have you grown world-worn and cynical? Do you say to yourself that Christmas bells do not ring so cheerfully as they did and that the stars that are sisters of the Star of Bethlehem are not brighter on Christmas eve than on all other nights? Do you ask to be shown any one alive to whom Christmas means anything? Here you will see. It means a dream of mellow warmth to the shivering child. It means a dream of ambrosia to her starved lips. It means a saint all kindness and cheer, all love and protection for the child who has known no love and cheer from human sources. It means fairyland and heaven—while the broken, ecstatic dream lasts.

Some day, when cynics cease to make epigrams over lost illusions and seek to make real the dreams of others, every child who sees in her sleep a vision like this will wake to find it real. For there are enough cynics to make all the children in the world happy if they but devote themselves to that, instead of to relating their disillusionments.

Fortunes Spent in Toys.

The children of the United States each year consume toys that cost at retail \$45,000,000. Of this sum the imported goods represent \$15,000,000, and the domestic product \$30,000,000. The little ones of New York City get more than their proportionate share of this enormous expenditure, for there is spent for them annually \$3,000,000. One-third of this is for imported playthings and two thirds for the home products. There is a marked tendency toward mechanical toys, and more that is new and interesting is found in this direction than in any other. Within the ranks of these mechanical playthings is observable a great increase in iron toys, all of which are made in this country and fitted for hard use in the hands of destructive children.—New York Herald.

How Santa Claus Settled It.

Santa Claus was in a quandary. He thrust his hands into his pockets and gazed despairingly at the stocking suspended in limp supplication from the mantelpiece. Then he turned it inside out and inspected it. Next, he idly counted its checks. He looked at the offending stocking this way and that with growing ire; he pulled it, he pinched it, he turned it, in an agony of indecision. When every hope had deserted him, he stood off and, reckless of discovery, puffed vigorously upon his pipe. And then a bright idea came to his relief.

"Well," he muttered, chuckling at his escape, "bust me if in these days I can tell whether you're a man's or a woman's, but a bicycle lamp is sure to suit either way."

A Christmas Tree Feature.

Dancing Christmas fairies always enhance the children's delight in the Christmas tree and, once made, can be used year after year. Buy up a dozen or more of 5 and 10-cent dolls, and to add to the variety have among the number some Japanese and colored dolls. Dress these to represent fairies in bright hues of spangled gauze, tulle or tissue paper and liberally sprinkle their hair and garments with diamond dust powder. Each doll should be provided with a dainty pair of fairy wings made from spangled tissue paper and fastened to the body by means of mucilage.

A Lover's Wish.

Since you cannot, will not, dear,
Give your trickiest heart,
Let me furnish in your car
Joy you may impart.

Write to kind old Santa Claus—
Plead as I would woo—
Beg him just to send to me
Christmas dream of you.

Delicacies FOR THE Christmas Table

AN IDEAL CHRISTMAS DINNER.

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| <p>APPETIZERS.</p> <p>Petites Marmites, St. James.</p> <p>Cream of Artichokes.</p> <p>FISH.</p> <p>Bolled Pompano, Moulin Rouge.</p> <p>Filet of Salmon a la Doria.</p> <p>Carp, Scandinavian Style.</p> <p>Hothouse Cucumbers.</p> <p>Celery, Radishes, Olives, Salted Almonds.</p> <p>RELIEVE.</p> <p>Saddle of Mutton, Piemontaise.</p> <p>Tenderloin of Beef, Larded, with Green Peas.</p> <p>Smithfield Ham, au Supreme, a l'Americaïne.</p> <p>ENTREES.</p> <p>Sweetbreads Idealistrique a la Grand.</p> <p>Chicken a la Cleopatra.</p> <p>Salmon of Woodcock Aigilonnaise.</p> <p>Filet of Partridge a la Marie Antoinette.</p> <p>Lamb Cutlets, a la A. Chevalier.</p> <p>Terrapin, a la Holland House.</p> <p>Sorbet Monte Carlo.</p> <p>ROASTS.</p> <p>Rhode Island Turkey, Stuffed with Chestnuts.</p> <p>Suckling Pig, a la Bourgeois, with Apple Sauce.</p> <p>Baked Sweet Potatoes.</p> <p>VEGETABLES.</p> <p>Bolled White Potatoes.</p> <p>Stewed Squash.</p> <p>Stewed Turnips.</p> <p>Celery Stewed in Cream.</p> <p>Fried Egg Plant.</p> <p>Green Corn.</p> <p>PASTRY.</p> <p>English Plum Pudding.</p> <p>Mince Pie.</p> <p>Chartreuse d'Oranges.</p> <p>DESSERT.</p> <p>Malaga Grapes, Oranges, White Mocha Ice Cream.</p> <p>Nuts and Raisins.</p> <p>Toasted Crackers.</p> <p>Coffee.</p> | <p>INEXPENSIVE DINNER.</p> <p>One five-pound chicken.....\$.60</p> <p>One three-pound codfish......25</p> <p>Oysters (for sauce)......25</p> <p>Splanch......10</p> <p>Potatoes......05</p> <p>Carrots, onions, etc......10</p> <p>Pie......20</p> <p>Fruit......15</p> <p>Butter......10</p> <p>Rice......05</p> <p>Coffee and milk......10</p> <p>Total.....\$2.00</p> |
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kerchiefs—something that he knows he will get anyway—when his sleeping and waking dreams for weeks before have been filled with visions of tops, balls, guns and magic lanterns. The most beautiful knitted muffler woman's fingers ever constructed cannot compare with a jack-knife with four blades and a corkscrew attachment, when exhibited over the back fence to a neighbor boy on Christmas morning. Very soon after the days of kilt a boy reaches the age when he yearns with his whole soul after any toy or contrivance that will test his muscular skill or endurance. At this age an appropriate present would be a rawhide or rope lariat, such as is used by the Buffalo Bill riders. A pair of hand or arm stiffs will be received with equal favor, and in the same category comes a new fishing-rod, snow-shoes, tennis-racket, golf-clubs, a good bell, lamp or cyclometer for his wheel, or even a live pet, a new dog, a pair of rabbits or guinea-pigs—something that he can pet and train for all his own.

Merely Temporary.

Oh, have me for your Christmas gift,"
He asked; and heard her say:
"Well, take the risk; but please to know
I change them all next day."
—Indianapolis Journal.

Tact Required.

It really requires a marvelous amount of tact to appear thankful at Christmas for something you didn't want.

child.
Yes, even to children both erring and wild,
The dear wish is wafted, and freighted with care;
It half seems to borrow the pinions of prayer.

Aye, a Happy New Year, though an arrow of love
Already be pointed to us from above;
In living or dying, in labor or rest,
God's will for us each must be highest and best.

Then, Christian, be joyful, whate'er may befall,
And still see the hand of thy Father in all;
Accept from him gratefully, feeling no fear,
The beautiful gift of another new year.



The President's Christmas.

Wagon loads of gifts are received at the White House at Christmas time. They come from all parts of the country, the majority of them from persons unknown to the President and his wife. These miscellaneous articles are the private property of the recipients, and the numerous parcels are placed in one of the family rooms for examination. They generally contain the names of the donors, and to all these notes of thanks are

starve than take a cent of what she calls "charity," will not be wounded by a ton of coal or a turkey on Christmas day. She will not be hurt if somebody gives her little daughter a half-worn coat, or a pair of shoes, or some toys that have made one child happy without reaching the limit of their usefulness. On Christmas day more than on any day of the year, we realize that we are brothers and sisters, and the false pride so unfitting between children of one Father is quite forgotten.—Young People's Weekly.

Newest Christmas Turkey.

Vegetarians and fruitarians need no longer be scandalized over the Christmas turkey, for it comes now from the confecturer, instead of the butcher, bar-yard or forest. It remained for the enterprise of a New York firm to do up the festive turkey in nougat, every morsel of which is edible, lying there crisp and enticing in an artistic cranberry box.

Hereafter "the goose with the bones and the beak" may present gastronomic difficulties, but not to the teeth. Hereafter vegetable folks may lay aside their scruples for the best new thing in turkey.

Gloom.

"Christmas comes but once a year, you know," exclaimed the cheery citizen.
"Yes," answered the dyspeptic, "and the bells come twelve times a year. That's the difference."

THE ENTERPRISE.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY
E. E. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Prop.

Entered at the Postoffice at South San Francisco, Cal., as second class matter, December 19th, 1900.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.
One Year, in advance, \$1.50
Six Months, " " 1.00
Three Months, " " .50

Advertising rates furnished on application.

Office—Postoffice Building, Cor. Grand and Linden Avenues,
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BRANCH OFFICE, 202 Sansome St., San Francisco, Room 4, third floor.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1900.

The amendments made by the U. S. Senate to the Hay-Pauncefote treaty, makes good the declaration of the last National Republican platform in favor of "the construction, ownership, control and protection of an isthmian canal by the Government of the United States."

Senator Bard has given notice of an amendment which he will offer to the Hay-Pauncefote treaty, providing that the United States shall have the right to "discriminate in favor of American goods shipped through the (Nicaragua) canal in American vessels engaged in the coastwise trade." This amendment is of the utmost importance to the people of the United States and especially to the Pacific Coast in providing for competition with the transcontinental railroads.

[Extract from a report on the hearing of the petition to restrict racing]:

The hearing of the petition for the limitation of racing to thirty days was then ordered.

Rev. J. J. Martin and Rev. Mr. Maar appeared for the petitioners. Mr. W. J. Martin representing the South San Francisco Land and Improvement Co. and the Racing Association, and Mr. Wm. Clayton, superintendent of the Electric Railway Co., appeared in opposition.

Mr. W. J. Martin first addressing the board declined to discuss racing from a moral standpoint as that question was not in issue before the board. The only moral question in issue was, "Is it better to have racing limited to 75 days as at present, or to 30 days as prayed for in the petition?"

As it now stands the sport is of a high class and strictly honest and square, being made so by the wealthy Eastern horsemen who now ship their horses in large numbers to this coast because the period of racing is long enough to justify them in doing so. Reduce the period to 30 days and you eliminate this element and you degenerate the class of men and horses to the few who race strictly for profit. The result will be a cheap sport full of jobbery and fraud. Hence, from a moral standpoint, seventy-five days' racing is far preferable to thirty-five days' racing.

The speaker then dwelt upon the development of San Mateo county, showing that of all the factors which had ever come into San Mateo county the South San Francisco Land and Improvement Co. had done more in the past and would do more in the future in that direction than any other company; that the wishes of such a company should command respect and that his company most earnestly protested against the petition. He showed how his company had been encouraged by the present board of Supervisors and fully nine-tenths of the citizens of San Mateo county into locating the race track and had consequently made liberal concessions, such that if the track was closed, would result in loss and permanent injury to the Land Company; that the racing association, composed mostly of San Mateo county people, had spent upwards of \$250,000 under the same encouragement; that great injury would be inflicted on the railroad and also on the electric road by closing the track; that last year the same petitioners fought the race track and they had the support of half the local papers and one of the large city papers, but the Board of Supervisors ignored them. That this year racing is on a far higher plane and every paper in the county and in San Francisco spoke favorably of the track and its management, and yet, said the speaker, I am making an argument in answer to that petition because it is common rumor that a rival institution outside of our county boasts that it has secured such a pull as will result in the closing of Tanforan. Gentlemen, I don't believe it. I don't believe you will slap in the face such a company as the South San Francisco Land and Improvement Co. I don't believe you will vote against the interests of the railroad and against the interests of the electric railway. I don't believe you will ignore the wishes of nine-tenths of the people of San Mateo county and, under the guise of a paltry petition, vote in behalf of an alien race track.

Mr. Wm. Clayton followed. He said that the electric railway contemplated extending their line to San Mateo and had already applied to the board for a franchise; that in making this application they had carefully considered the source of revenue; that in making this calculation the receipts

from the race track had entered into their computation and that if the race track was closed, the electric railway would certainly have to reconsider the matter of making that extension, and he very much doubted whether they would then do so.

Rev. J. J. Martin followed, and at length discussed the question of morals and contented himself with the mere statement that thirty days of iniquity was better than seventy-five. Then, turning to the first speaker, he challenged him to prove that nine-tenths of the citizens of San Mateo county favor racing. "You must prove it. I deny it," Mr. W. J. Martin replied that he could prove it, and would, with a counter petition, if the board so wished.

Rev. Mr. Maar followed in nearly the same strain as his predecessor.

Mr. Howard Tilton, supervisor from the first township, then addressed the board. He said that W. J. Martin's statement that nine-tenths of the people of the county were in favor of the race track, was correct, and that in the first township, where the track was located, no one man could be found who did not favor it; that over one hundred heads of families in that township received permanent employment from the track and that twice that number from other points in the county. Then followed a wordy discussion between the ministers and Mr. Tilton, in which Mr. Tilton more than held his own.

Revs. Mr. Maar and Martin then requested the board to limit the racing to fifteen or forty or fifty days, any number less than seventy-five.

Chairman McEvoy stated that he would not vote until he could do so intelligently, that he could not tell what proper limitation was and requested more data.

Rev. Mr. Martin then insisted that they limit it to forty days.

Mr. W. J. Martin opposed this on the ground that issue had been joined on a petition calling for thirty days and that no one signer of the petition could change it. He demanded a vote on the question in issue, thirty days, nothing more, nothing less. After considerable further discussion, the matter was laid over until the first meeting in January.

OUR CHINA LETTER.

Taku, China, Nov. 6, 1900.

Mr. E. E. Cunningham—Dear Sir: After a very pleasant voyage we arrived last night at Taku and I hasten to write so as to take advantage of the departure of a dispatch boat, which leaves for Nagasaki in time for the mail steamer. We are lying quietly a distance from Taku, so I cannot give you a description of the place.

There are a large number of war vessels here but I have not had time to ascertain the names and nationalities of all. I hear, however, that Germany has a greater number here than any other nation. We arrived at Kobe on the afternoon of the 1st inst, but remained in the stream and were not allowed to go ashore. The next morning, after taking the pilot on board, we left for the inland sea to make a short cut from the Pacific to the China sea. This sea is on an average about three miles wide and the scenery on both sides is well worth the distance traveled to see it. On both sides there are mountains about the same height of our mountains back of town, but what a difference otherwise. Every available foot is cultivated and planted to tea. It is almost impossible to imagine the beauty of the scenery. It is a succession of terraces, one above the other, nearly to the summits of the mountains and in some places to the very top. Every few miles there is a village close to the water's edge and all these small towns seem to be very neat.

The roads are a great contrast to ours, being perfectly level and smooth; in fact, they have to be perfect, otherwise the poor coolies would have a hard time with their jinrickshaws, of which we saw several with a Jap instead of a horse between the shafts. The fact which struck me most was the absence of animal life. During our trip through the inland sea I saw but one horse on shore and no other kind of domestic animal. We steamed by the kind of country I have described one whole day. At night we dropped anchor on account of that part of the sea making a short turn and being very narrow and full of rocks. The next day we got under steam again and passed a very prosperous looking town called Moyi. It is a coal station, also a great manufacturing place. If the town was in the States I should estimate the population at about 40,000, but will not make a guess at a Jap population. The sea is fairly covered with all sorts of Japanese craft, both large and small, and the man at the wheel had to keep both eyes open to avoid running some of them down. The pilot left us at about 9 o'clock a. m. and we made a bee line for Taku.

The Baden boys aboard are all well. With kind regards to home friends, I am, Truly yours,
G. L. Smith.

REWARD!!!

The South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company offer a reward of \$10 for information leading to arrest and conviction of person or persons maliciously damaging its property.

FOR RENT.

Modern cottage of five rooms with bath, hot and cold water, good location, main street. Rent \$13; water free. Inquire at Postoffice.

FOR RENT.

A five-room cottage, with water free, at \$10 per month. Inquire at Postoffice.

THE BOARD OF SUPERVISORS MEET.

Session Devoted to Discussion of Tanforan.

Board Unable to Agree Upon a Definite Season Postpones Action for Two Weeks.

The Board of Supervisors of the County of San Mateo met in regular session on Monday, December 17th, at 10 a. m., there being present Chairman P. H. McEvoy and Supervisors H. Q. Tilton, Joseph Debenedetti, John McCormick and J. H. Coleman.

The minutes of the meetings of November 12th and 19th and December 3d were read and approved.

A communication was received from James Mason of San Francisco complaining that some parties had placed an obstruction across D street in the City Extension Homestead. The communication was referred to the Supervisor from the First township.

In a letter addressed to the Board, H. A. Massey, a San Francisco attorney, stated that for the past ten years Peter Gernart had paid taxes to both San Francisco and San Mateo county on a lot on the county line, and asked that his client be refunded the money paid to the Tax Collector. The Clerk stated that he had written to Mr. Massey explaining that the county boundary line recently established had brought the land in question into this county. The communication was referred to the Assessor.

Supervisor Tilton was allowed further time in which to secure a lookout for the town of Baden.

Chairman McEvoy was not yet prepared to report on the application of Wm. Douglas for aid and was granted further time.

Consideration of the petition of J. J. Martin and others, who asked that the racing season in San Mateo county be limited, which matter had been continued at the last meeting, was taken up. W. J. Martin, representing the South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company, spoke in favor of the horsemen. He said that by reason of the fact that the climate of California permitted a long season, the wealthy men of the East were encouraged to send their horses to this coast. If the season were shortened they would not come and the sport would become a cheap affair and would fall into the hands of the disreputable class and there would be nothing but jobbery in connection with it. Mr. Martin said that his company had induced the Turf Association to come to San Mateo county by giving them a tract of land on the most liberal terms and they in turn had expended vast sums of money in making improvements which they would not have done if they thought the Board would not recognize their right in the county. There had been talk of evils in connection with the track, but those evils had been removed. He believed that nine-tenths of the people of the county favored the track.

Mr. Clayton, the superintendent of the San Francisco and San Mateo Electric Road, was granted permission to address the Board. He was not prepared to enter into a discussion of the moral features of the question, but assured the members that it was the establishing of Tanforan that had induced his company to extend its road farther into the county and had encouraged them to begin building to San Mateo. If the race track was closed, which he believed would be the result of continued agitation, he was instructed to state that his company would reconsider its intention to go to San Mateo.

The following communication was received from Milton S. Latham, secretary of the San Francisco Jockey Club: To the Honorable Board of Supervisors of San Mateo County:

Dear Sirs—I have handed to my directors your communication of the 5th instant, with a copy of a petition now on file with the proposed ordinance to limit racing in San Mateo county.

I beg to inform you that the whole matter was brought to the attention of and carefully looked into by the San Francisco Jockey Club before the last thirty days.

I trust that our interests will be fully protected by your sense of justice as soon as you have given the matter proper consideration. In case the good faith of your honorable body should be further imposed upon, we should be pleased to further enlighten it as to the true nature and origin of said petition.

Rev. F. H. Maar favored the petition and said that he did not care about the wealth that was represented; he desired to preserve the good name of the county. If the building of the electric road was contingent upon the continuance of the racetrack evil he would willingly walk rather than tolerate the latter.

Rev. J. J. Martin denied that there was any other motive behind the movement than that of good morals. He said the race track having to depend on immorality for its support, should be driven out of the county. He challenged the statement of W. J. Martin that nine-tenths of the residents of the county favored the institution. Supervisor Tilton of the First township said the great majority of his constituents were favorable to the race track. It brought business to the farmers and furnished a means of support to a large number of families. He had failed to see any ill effects of racing as far as San Mateo county was concerned; the track was located close to Burlingame where the value of land

was higher than in any other part of the county and new homes were constantly being built. He was satisfied that from the character of the gentlemen interested in Tanforan, the sport of horse racing in San Mateo county was being conducted in a decent way. For those reasons and a desire to properly represent the people of his township Mr. Tilton favored a season of 75 days.

The chairman stated that his views on the situation remained unchanged, but the petitioners had failed to present any data as to what would be a proper racing season. He did not know whether 30 days was too long or not long enough and, consequently, was unable to at present take action.

Supervisors Debenedetti, McCormick and Coleman agreed with the chairman as to the absence of proper information, and on motion the matter laid over until afternoon for further discussion.

The Board adjourned for noon recess.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

The Board reconvened at 1:30, all of the members answering the roll-call. The race-course petition was again taken up, Tilton moving that the petition for a season of 30 days be rejected. He was seconded by Coleman, and on a vote being taken, the motion was lost.

Tilton moved that a season of 75 days be established. Debenedetti offered an amendment of 36 days and McCormick offered a further amendment of 48 days.

Neither motion nor amendments met with a second and the petition was laid over until next meeting.

The Board adjourned to Monday, January 7, 1901.

ADVANTAGES OF SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO AS A MANUFACTURING CENTER.

A low tax rate.

An equable and healthful climate.

The only deep water on the peninsula south of San Francisco.

Directly on the Bay Shore line of the Southern Pacific Railway and only ten miles from the foot of Market street, San Francisco.

A ship canal which enables vessels to discharge their cargoes on the various wharves already completed for their accommodation.

An independent railroad system, which provides ample switching facilities to every industry.

Waterworks with water mains extending throughout the entire manufacturing district.

Thirty-four hundred acres of land in one compact body fronting on the bay of San Francisco, affording cheap and advantageous sites for all sorts of factories.

Several large industries already in actual and successful operation.

THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD, OR OUR SAVIOUR IN ART.

Cost nearly \$100,000 to produce. Contains nearly 100 full-page engravings of our Saviour and His Mother by the world's greatest painters. True copies of the greatest Masterpieces in the art galleries of Europe. Every picture is as beautiful as a sunrise over the hilltops. Contains description of the paintings, biography of the painters, the names and locations of the galleries in Europe where the originals may be seen. Also contains a Child's Story of the Christ and His Mother, beautifully written, to fit each picture. This wonderful book, matchless in its purity and beauty, appeals to every mother's heart, and in every Christian home where there are children the book sells itself. Christian man or woman can in this community soon make \$1,000 taking orders for Christmas presents. Mrs. Waite, our agent in Massachusetts, has sold over \$3,000 worth of the books in a very short time. Mrs. Sackett, our agent in New York, has sold over \$1,500 worth of the books in a very short time. The book is printed on velvet-finished paper, beautifully bound in Cardinal Red and gold, and adorned with Golden Roses and Lilies. It is, without doubt, the most beautiful book of this century. Write for terms quickly and get the management of that territory. You can work on salary or commission, and when you prove your success we will promote you to the position of Manager and Correspondent, at a permanent salary, to devote your time to attending to agents and the correspondence. Wanted also a State Manager to have charge of office in leading city of the State and manage all the business of the State. Send for terms. Address The British-American Co., Corcoran Building, Opposite U. S. Treasury, Washington, D. C.

Real estate bought and sold; houses rented; taxes paid; conveyancing done; leases and other legal papers drawn by E. E. Cunningham, real estate agent and notary public. Post-office building.

The Shoe and the Woman. Hereupon I ventured to reason with the woman.

"Your conventional immunities," I urged, "are not compatible with the new responsibilities which you seek to assume. That is where the shoe pinches."

The woman gave me a withering look. "Pinches?" she exclaimed most scornfully. "It's a mile too big! I could wear two sizes smaller!" Oh, what a futile thing mere logic seemed now!—Detroit Journal.

WANTED—ACTIVE MAN OF GOOD CHARACTER to deliver and collect in California for our establish—manufacturing wholesale house. \$800 a year, sure pay. Honesty more than experience required. Our reference, any bank in any city. Enclose self-addressed stamped envelope. Manufacturers, Third Floor, 334 Dearborn St., Chicago.

The Pie Foundry.

A man who recently visited a pie factory in Chicago thus describes it: "The day we were there a special run was being made on pumpkin pies, and I looked in vain for any signs of pumpkin rinds. One of the foremen grinned and told me in strict confidence that real pumpkin was never used in pumpkin pies at present except possibly in a few remote and very primitive New England villages. The substitute was a mixture of sweet potatoes, apples and cheap flour flavored with a chemical extract. I tasted some of the stuff and was satisfied he was telling me the truth.

"Cranberry pie contains only enough cranberries to 'make a showing.' After the manner of the oyster in the church fair stew. The rest is apple jelly colored red and flavored. I have forgotten the other substitutes employed, but these will give you a general idea of the morality of the business.

"The average output of the foundry was one a second, or about 36,000 pies for a working day. The manager told me they were shipped all over the pie belt in specially prepared crates."

German Law of Libel.

The German law of libel is a curiosity. An editor recently said in his paper that a certain gentleman "was an unmanly boor," in consequence of which a libel action was brought against the paper. The evidence given seemed to show that the only fault with the expression was that it was not strong enough. The case was taken from court to court in the usual way until it reached the highest tribunal. The final decision was that the editor would have been perfectly justified if he had said that the plaintiff "had acted like an unmanly boor," but since he had said that the plaintiff actually "was an unmanly boor," he had committed libel. In Germany it is libelous to call a man a pig or an ass, but if you combine the two and call a man a pig ass then there is no libel, because such an animal does not exist. The favorite combination among Germans is, we believe, pig dog—schweinehund.—Chambers' Journal.

Our Little Sticks.

Ages ago the Hindoo "medicine man" knew all about disease germs and microbes, although he was jeered at by western scientists because he called them "little worms." And after all when we moderns "discovered" what he had known all along we could find no better name for the new organisms than bacilli, which, being interpreted, is "little sticks."

Up to Date.

Enterprising Advertiser—Pardon me, sir, but I heard you tell the gentleman who just left that you "would wash your hands of the whole affair."

"Well?"

"In case you do may I hope that you will try my patent soap?" Exchange.

No Time to Be Lost.

He (timidly)—Now that we are engaged I—I presume I may—may—kiss you as much as I please, mayn't I?

She (encouragingly)—Yes, indeed. Make the most of your time, dear.

There's no telling how long an engagement will last nowadays, you know.—Stray Stories.

Simply Cutting.

Gussie—Just aha! I stahted out it began waining, and I had to turn back.

Miss Kostique—How fortunate that there was some one there to tell you.

Gussie—To tell me what?

Miss Kostique—That it was raining.—Philadelphia Record.

Sure Enough Tale.

In one of the private schools here in town there is a small boy who is always cheerfully miles behind everybody else. He is not a dull boy, but learning does not appeal to him as being a thing especially to be desired. Recently the teacher told the class in composition that on the next day she would expect each of them to be able to write a short anecdote. She explained with great care the meaning of the word anecdote, and next day when she called the class up to write all but the laggard went at once to work.

"Why don't you write an anecdote, Rob?" asked the teacher.

"I forget what an anecdote is," said Rob, undisturbed.

"I explained to you yesterday, Rob, and you ought to remember," said the teacher, a bit out of patience. "An anecdote is a tale. Now write."

Rob bent over his slate and, with much twisting of brow and writhing of lip ground out his task. When the slates were collected, his was at the very top of the heap. The teacher picked it up, and this is what she read:

"Yesterday we had soup made from the anecdote of an ox."—Youth's Companion.

A Clincher.

Old Lover—I know I am old enough to be your grandfather, but, my darling, I have an immense fortune to bestow upon you.

Young Heart—I hesitate to answer.

Old Lover—Do not keep me in suspense. I have heart disease, and under excitement I am likely to die at any moment.

Young Heart—Then I will be yours.

Don't Be Slow.

If a child is "slow" around home and takes an hour to dress when only a quarter of that time is necessary, it is a bad habit. The "slow" men and women are those who fail to make a success of life. How often you see grown people tinker about something a half a day that could be done in an hour! They learned the habit as children.

THE . COURT.

CHOICEST

Wines, Liquors & Cigars.

THOS. BENNERS, Prop.

Grand Avenue, Next to P. O.

South San Francisco, Cal.

50 YEARS' EXPERIENCE

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FIRE INSURANCE COMPANIES.

House Broker,
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OFFICE AT POSTOFFICE,

Corner Grand and Linden Avenue,

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO CAL

TOWN NEWS.

"Merry Christmas!"
Harry Healy is back from China.
Big racing event at Tanforan for to-day.
Ed Pike is seriously ill with pneumonia.
Hon. H. W. Brown of Colma was in town Tuesday.
Santa Claus will beat Butchers' Hall Christmas Day at 1 p. m.
Merry Christmas to all and may all have wherewith to make it so.

Henry W. Walker of Redwood City paid our town a visit Tuesday.

The second meeting of the San Francisco Jockey Club commenced on Monday.

John Gindorff of San Francisco paid visit to Mr. and Mrs. Cunningham on Sunday.

Rev. Father Cooper will celebrate mass at Armour Pavilion on Christmas morning.

The Woodmen's ball, at Armour Pavilion last Saturday eve, was a most enjoyable affair.

Another squad of our Baden boys are expected home from China today by the steamer America Maru.

Tom Benners of the Court Saloon has been sick the past week. During Tom's illness Jack Nelson is bar boss.

Every kind and form of Christmas and holiday goods at the People's Store. You can't fail to find what you want.

H. H. Loomis has rented his house on Grand avenue to Mr. Cushing, foreman of construction at Tanforan Park.

Mr. and Mrs. Wanchop of Lodi, Cal., paid a visit to Mrs. G. L. Smith and family the past week. Mrs. Wanchop is a sister of Mrs. Smith.

The move to restrict racing at Tanforan to thirty days in the year has been postponed to the next regular meeting of the Board of Supervisors.

Don't forget the Christmas tree at Butchers' Hall, 1 o'clock p. m. Christmas Day. There will be something on the tree for every boy and girl in this town.

The Rev. Herbert Powell will administer the Holy Communion in Grace Episcopal Church on Sunday morning at 10:45 a. m. Sunday school will be at 9:45 a. m.

C. T. LeBru has been transferred from Southern Pacific station at this place to the station at Tanforan Park. Mr. Le Bru's place here has been filled by Mr. Woodman.

The end of the old year draws near. Pay off all old scores and be ready to welcome and begin the new year and a new century with a clean conscience and clean balance sheet.

George W. Lovie, whose serious illness was reported last week, has safely passed the critical period and is now on the way to recovery. He expects to be at his office in about a week.—Democrat, Redwood City.

Own your own home. Stop paying rent. A magnificent five-room cottage, with bath, free from dampness; high, modern and sunny; sideboard; on most desirable part of Grand avenue. Inquire at Postoffice. Your own terms.

Wise men from the East brought gifts rich and rare to the Babe of Bethlehem on Christmas Day, 1900 years ago. In commemoration of this gracious custom our own local benevolent orders have joined hearts and hands and provided a big Christmas tree in Butchers' Hall, where, on Christmas Day, at 1 o'clock p. m., every child in this town will find a gift to make this Christmas a merry and happy day.

If you desire to feel safe, sleep sound and fortify your credit, don't fail to have a policy of fire insurance to cover your property, and to secure such protection in sound companies, call on E. E. Cunningham, at Postoffice building.

The engineer and contractors of the San Francisco and San Mateo Electric Railway were in town the past week and have arranged to obtain rock from the quarry of the Land and Improvement Company for ballast; also, sandstone rock from the hill near the Steiger pottery. The arrangement is to build the branch line to this place at once or as soon as the weather is settled, the object being to use the branch line to transport the rock to the main line.

A NEW DEPARTMENT.

In order that greater interest may be aroused in the San Bruno school, and information concerning it be supplied to the patrons, it is the intention to publish each week, after the holidays, a budget of school news and if practicable, some composition or other school work done by the pupils.

It is believed that such a department will not only be of use to the patrons of the school, but will at the same time prove beneficial to the children.

Children like to see their names in print in connection with worthy things, and we think it justifiable. We shall try to make it an incentive for the children to do their best in all things.

But the special things we wish to strive for are punctuality, regularity, excellence in school work and conduct. The co-operation of all who are interested is asked.

NOTICE.

I am preparing to plant twenty-five shade and ornamental trees in front of my residence and give notice hereby that I will, in case of injury to my trees by stock running at large, prosecute a suit against the owner of such stock in the sum of \$25 for each and every tree so injured.

Frank Miner.

DEATH OF THOMAS BENNERS.

Mr. Thomas Benners, who has been identified with our town almost from its inception, died last Thursday evening.
Mr. Benners was a man well liked in this community and his death will be a shock and sorrow to his many friends. For the last six months he has been a severe sufferer from rheumatism and this was responsible for his death. He was an Odd Fellow in good standing and a member of Morse Lodge, I. O. O. F., No. 257.

PUBLIC SCHOOL CHRISTMAS PROGRAM.

- Rendered Friday, December 21, 1900.
1. Song, "Merry Christmas," By School
 2. Quotations, Mr. Hahn's Pupils
 3. Concert Piece, "Christmas Wishes," Viola McWilliams, Fern Kiessling, Kenneth Loomis.
 4. Recitation, "Old Santa Claus," Grace Collins
 5. Recitation, "A Christmas Wish," Mary Nessler
 6. Recitation, "Hurry Christmas," Celia Farrell
 7. Recitation, "Willie Hoppe," Willie Hoppe
 8. Recitation, "Grandma's Surprise," Sofia Zaro
 9. Concert Piece, "What Mother Goose Children Want," By Thirteen Boys and Girls
 10. Song, "Santa Claus," By School
 11. Recitation, "The First Christmas," Bernice Todd
 12. Recitation, "Shy Santa Claus," Eva Russi
 13. Recitation, "What Willie Wants," Robert Collins
 14. Recitation, "A Christmas Jingle," Dora Harder
 15. Concert Piece, "What We Do at Our House," Justine Du Bois, Martha Willin, Anna Dervin and Lizzie Lachele.
 16. Song, "Old Santa Claus," Nellie Lynch, Louise Palanay, Mary Fitzgerald, Bernice Todd, Carl Driess, Walter Nessler, Otto Bissett and Joe Bernardo.
 17. Recitation, "A Schmeer," Josie Lachele
 18. Recitation, "The Star of Bethlehem," Viola Blanchard
 19. Recitation, "Seen' Things at Night," Alfred Rapsadori
 20. Concert Piece, "Christmas Worry," Louise Palanay
 21. Christmas Carol, Sophie Zaro, Joe Hoppe, Joe Beloni, Martha Willin, Lena Eikerenkotter, Alice Stout, Blanche Schmitt, Birdie McWilliams, Otto Driess, Arthur Harder.
 22. Recitation, "A Telephone Message," Mary Farrell
 23. Recitation, "Why?" Grace Martin
 24. Recitation, "The Mouse," Roy Stettler
 25. Song, "Christmas Carol," By School
 26. Recitation, "Quite Like a Stocking," Katie Lachele
 27. Recitation, "To Santa Claus," Joe Rapsadori
 28. Recitation, "In the Garden," Leona Blanchard
 29. Recitation, "O, Dear!" Louisa Schenone
 30. Song, "Christmas Lullaby," May Joseph, Grace Martin, Mary Farrell, Emma Eikerenkotter.
 31. Recitation, "Christmas Eve," Geo. Reissling
 32. Recitation, "Christmas Thoughts," Marion Miner
 33. Recitation, "The Stockings Christmas," Chas. McGrath
 34. Recitation, "Christmas Day," Lawrence Barber
 35. Recitation, "A Christmas Dream," Marion Miner
 36. Recitation, "What Ted Found," Lizzie Lachele
 37. Concert Piece, "Winter's Children," Willie Bergman, Otto Driess, Otto Schmidt, Arthur Harder and Harry Harder.
 38. Recitation, "Grandma's Xmas," Katie Regan
 39. Song, "Eva Russi and Glena Woodville Recitation, "Before W. L. Knowl"
 40. Song, "Santa Claus Wuz," Oswald Lockhardt
 41. Recitation, "Once a Year," Joseph Remington
 42. Concert Piece, "The House Where Ted Lives," By Seven Little Boys
 43. Recitation, "When Santa Claus Comes," Josie Russie
 44. Recitation, "The Doll's Christmas," Emma Eikerenkotter
 45. Song, "Christmas Bells," By the School

THE SAD DEATH OF JOHN COLL.

On Wednesday night or Thursday morning of last week John Coll, an old-time resident of this town, came to a most sad and untimely death. Mr. Coll had been employed as a night watchman at one of the horse corral gates near Baden station. On Wednesday he was about town. In the forenoon he attended to the payment of some small bills, and in the afternoon visited two saloons and took several drinks with friends. About 5 o'clock p. m. he was persuaded by Deputy Constable Carroll to leave off drinking, as he was under the influence of liquor to some extent, and the officer feared he might lose his job. Carroll tried to induce him to go to his home at the Company cottages, but instead of doing so, he went up Grand avenue westward in the direction of Baden station. He evidently left Grand avenue in the neighborhood of Spruce avenue, as he passed the house of D. Palanay, in block 98, near the railroad, and after passing Palanay's crossed over to and started up the railroad track. This was the last seen of the unfortunate man alive, so far as is known, and this was about 5:30 o'clock p. m. The next day, Thursday, December 13th, the head brakeman on an extra stock train discovered his body lying in the ditch on the north side of and near the track, a short distance east of the whistling post east of Baden station. This was about 2:40 o'clock p. m. After stopping the train and ascertaining that the man had been dead some time, the train pulled in to the station at this place and reported the facts to W. E. Barber, the local Southern Pacific agent. Mr. Barber notified Justice of the Peace Cunningham who, as acting coroner, summoned a jury and proceeding to the place, found the body was that of John Coll. From the investigation made it was evident that Mr. Coll was walking along the railroad track or beside it endeavoring to reach his work at Baden station and was struck by a passing train. His left arm was broken between the shoulder and elbow; his left hand almost severed from the arm and his left leg broken above the knee. Upon being struck he fell to the ground beside the track and, in consequence of his struggles, rolled down the sloping bank into the ditch or marsh, where he lay in the cold marsh waters until death

PCE A. PONATOWSKI, President.

CHARLES L. FAIR, Vice-President.

THE SAN FRANCISCO JOCKEY CLUB

Will Have

75 Days of Racing

Beginning November 19, 1900

AT TANFORAN PARK.

First Meeting—Monday, Nov. 19, 1900, including Saturday, Dec. 1, 1900.

Second Meeting—Monday, Dec. 17, 1900, including Saturday, Dec. 29, 1900.

Third Meeting—Monday, Jan. 21, 1901, including Saturday, Feb. 9, 1901.

Fourth Meeting—Monday, Feb. 25, 1901, including Saturday, March 9, 1901.

Fifth Meeting—Monday, March 25, 1901, including Saturday, April 3, 1901.

Sixth Meeting—Monday, April 22, 1901, including Saturday, May 4, 1901,

of which three days of the last week will be given up to the California Pony and Steeple Chase Association.

Magnificent Racing is Confidently Expected.

D. LYNCH PRINGLE, Secretary.

RALPH H. TOZER, Racing Secretary.

kindly ended his suffering.

The body was removed to the home of his family, and on Sunday, at 2 o'clock p. m., funeral services were held by Rev. Father James Cooper at the family residence, after which the body was followed by a long procession of sympathizing friends and neighbors to its last resting place at Holy Cross Cemetery. Mr. Coll leaves a wife and eight children, consisting of three daughters and five sons. The deceased was an honest, industrious man, who commanded the respect of the community in which he lived. The bereaved widow and children have the universal sympathy of every one in their sorrow and loss.

FOR SALE.

Lot 38, in block 133, on Armour avenue. Size of lot 25x140 feet. Cheap for cash, or installment payments. Apply to E. E. Cunningham at P. O. Building.

\$900. YEARLY to Christian man or woman so look after our growing business in this and adjoining counties; to act as Manager and Correspondent; work can be done at your home. Enclose self-addressed, stamped envelope for particulars to H. A. Sherman, General Manager, Corcoran Building, opposite United States Treasury, Washington, D. C.

WANTED—ACTIVE MAN OF GOOD CHARACTER to deliver and collect in California for old established manufacturing wholesale house. \$800 a year, sure pay. Honestly more than experienced required. Our reference, any bank in any city. Enclose self-addressed stamped envelope. Manufacturers, Third Floor, 334 Dearborn St., Chicago.

W. E. GILMAN F. G. LYNCH

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WINES, LIQUORS, CIGARS
Tanforan Park,
South San Francisco, Cal.
Western Turf Race Track.

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Building and Loan Association.

Assets, \$175,000.00.

Monthly Payments \$14.15 per \$1000

No advance premium charged. Book value of shares allowed in payment of loans, and re-payment accepted at any time.

GEO. W. LOVIE, Secretary, Redwood City.

South San Francisco

Market

OTTO BERLINGER, late of Denver, has associated himself with W. J. Andrews, in the market business, at the old stand on Grand Avenue.
Market open every day.
Full line of

Choicest Meats

Oysters, Fish and Poultry a Specialty on Fridays.
W. J. ANDREWS & OTTO BERLINGER, PROPRIETORS.

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In all its Branches.

3415 San Bruno Road.

Leave orders at Office in Merriam Block.

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OFFICE HOURS—1 to 4, and 6:30 to 7:30 p. m.

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Residence, Mr. McEwen's.

DO YOU WANT

to repair your old - - - to paper your old - - - to alter or enlarge your - - - to see plans for 4 rooms & bath \$150 down and \$11 per month If so, see

J. F. LYMAN,

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GRAND AVENUE

The Real Thing. A Genuine Wayside Inn.

Admirably situated in a beautiful grove on the old San Bruno Bay Road, the finest driveway out of San Francisco.

Where you will find the choicest refreshments, both solid and liquid, the San Francisco market affords.

Where comfort and good cheer are dispensed with a cordial hospitality.

Call, see it, and sample the good things, and you will come again.

W. R. MARKT, Proprietor.

House Moving

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J. G. Stout,

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First-Class Stock

BOOTS: and : SHOES,

Constantly on hand and for sale Below City Prices.

All kinds of Foot Gear made to order and Repairing neatly done.

P. L. KAUFFMANN, Prop.

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FRENCH LAUNDRY.

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Ordinary Washing at Moderate Rates.

Special Attention given to Flannels and Blankets, Silks, Satins, Lace Curtains and Laces.

Modern Machinery and Latest Appliances for doing FINE WORK.

Satisfaction Guaranteed.

Leave Orders at Laundry, Grand Avenue, near Post Office.

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ADMISSION 25 CENTS. Ladies and Children Free.

South San Francisco Laundry

C. CRAFT, Prop'r.

Washing called for and delivered to any part of South San Francisco. Special attention paid to the washing of Flannels and Silks.

All Repairing Attended to

Your patronage respectfully Solicited. Leave orders at BADEN CASH STORE,

South San Francisco, Cal.

TALKING BY SIGNS.

UNIVERSAL LANGUAGE IS ONE OF MOTIONS.

Confucius, Ramezes and Sitting Bull Might Carry on a Conversation—Though Not Speaking Same Tongue, Indians Can Understand Each Other.

There is an old story of the man who was too bashful to talk in company and who received from a friend the rude advice, "If you can't talk, make signs." There was more to this remark than might at first appear. It points back to the infancy of human intelligence. The language of signs is as old as the hills, or at least as old as humanity; it is old as any form of animal life wherein thought or emotion has required expression.

The American Indians are the greatest sign talkers now left in the world; or, perhaps more properly, it might be said that they were such until the advance of white civilization changed many of the requirements of their lives and thus altered many of their customs, thus among them. The average white man never learned the sign language of the Indians, perhaps having contempt for it, perhaps ignorant that such a thing existed. It was only the half savage trapper or hunter, the voyageur or plainsman whose life was spent among the tribes and who thus perforce must learn some manner of speech, who came to understand fully and practice habitually the sign language. Not all white men can learn

or hill, and which in turn he might see answered from a different direction. It was the signal talk of the Indians, across miles of intervening ground, a signal used in rallying the warriors for an attack or warning them for a retreat when that seemed advisable. The Indian had a way of sending up the smoke in rings or puffs, knowing that such a smoke column would at once be noticed and understood as a signal and not taken for the smoke of some campfire. He had the rings by covering his little fire with his blanket for a moment, then suddenly removing the blanket and allowing the smoke to ascend, when he instantly covered up the fire again. The columns of ascending smoke rings said to every Indian within a circle of perhaps twenty or thirty miles, "Look out. There is an enemy near." Three smoke rings close together meant "Attention." One smoke meant "Camp at this place." Travel the plains and the usefulness of this long distance telephone will quickly become apparent.

Sometimes at night the settler or traveler saw fiery lines crossing the sky, shooting up and falling, perhaps taking a direction diagonal to the line of vision. He might guess that these were the signals of the Indians, but unless he were an old-timer he might not be able to interpret the signals. The old-timer and the squaw man knew that one fire arrow (an arrow prepared by treating the head of the shaft with gunpowder and fine bark) meant the same as one column of smoke puffs—viz.: "An enemy is near." Two fire arrows meant "Danger." Three arrows said imperatively, "This danger is great." Several arrows said, "The ene-

booked horns of the buffalo, and you knew what he meant. If he thrust both arms above his head, spread out, and with the fingers spread out, you saw the branching antlers of the elk unmistakably. The wolf sign, the first two fingers of each hand held close together and upright at each side of the head, indicated the erect ears of that animal plainly. Not quite so plain, yet plain enough if you are a hunter, was the sign for the mountain bighorn sheep—the two hands, one at each side of the head, describing the outward and forward curve of the horns. The finger and thumb slightly approached and held at the side of the head indicated less obviously the pronghorn of the antelope. The sign for snake was simple, and any one would understand it—the extended forefinger thrust out before the body in a waving line, like the course of the snake in travelling. Not quite so obvious is the sign for "lie, liar, he lies." Here we get back to the ancient symbol of the serpent, which seems to be the synonym for duplicity among all peoples and for all times. The liar sign is made everywhere by the forked fingers thrust out in front of the mouth, or across the body—"He speaks with a forked tongue." This is ancient Indian rhetoric for you, but it is correct. The sign for "truth, it is true," would obviously be the single finger used in a similar manner—"He speaks with a single tongue."

Yet others of the simpler signs are easy of comprehension by the man who is capable of casting off his customary habits of thought and trying to be a child again. Thus, we say a man is in doubt, he wavers mentally, he is shaken in his mind, he hesitates. When the Indian sees something strange to

Georgie's Gab.

Paw's New Shoes.

"I gess," paw sed after the election was elected, "I'll haft to get a new pair of shoes now. Look at these. You couldn't expect a person to go on wearing such things."

"I didn't say ennything to discourage you about it," maw told him. "Go ahead and get some new ones."

"Well," sez Paw, "I gess I'll not get Cangeroo this time becuz they mite be too thin for winter."

"All rite," maw told him, "Get enny kind you like, only be sure they fit. Don't be foolish like I was when I got my new ones and—"

"Say," paw says, "what's the use telling a man that's got Years of Discretion a Thing like that? Don't worry so much. Don't borrow trouble, maw. Don't fret becuz the baby mite grow up and get married some day and have a child that would nearly be run over by a street car that would haft to get made in a shop they haven't broke the ground for yet."

So maw didn't worry enny more and the next day the shoes came and paw put them on that nite, for the stockholders of a Led mine paw got in on the ground floor by the skin of his Teeth becuz a friend of his was kind and thotful in the nick of Time were going to meet and see if they better put up enny more munny or not.

"They're just like a pair of old Gluvs," paw sed when he had the shoes on and started out. "That's where it comes in Handy being a man and not trying to make naitcher ashamed of herself becuz she had such poor taste."

It was pritty late when we and Little Albert herd maw putting up the windo and hollerin out:

"Paw, what's the matter?"

So I snuck out in the Hall and took a peek and they was a Carriage turning away that brot paw Home and paw was standing on the front steps with his Shoes in his hands, looking up at maw's windo and telling her not to wake the nabers.

Then maw came out in the Hall and commen to weep, and when she met paw down stairs I herd her telling him:

"My poor children. This is terrible. Here they haft to bring you home in a hack and then you come trying to sneak in Like a thief in the nite becuz you are afraid to Look your Loved ones in the Face and paw now you let Me smell your breath!"

About that time I herd a slam like if a pair of shoes got flung in a corner and they talked a Long time without much excitement so I couldn't hear what it was about, but after while when they were coming up stairs paw sed:

"That's all rite. Go and rong a man by telling him he made a Beast of himself and Then try to take the Sting out with a Few soft words but it Takes more than that to Heal the brewed hart and the next time I go to buy a pair of shoes and the blame fool of a clerk sprinkles powder in them they are going to be—"

I gess I no what he nearly sed, but he didn't say it becuz he stept on Little Albert's Iron locomotive that was left about half way up stairs, and Yelled: "Gee-Roosalum!" and then gave it a kick with his other foot that he forgot he didn't have a shoe on.—Chicago Times-Herald.

RECENT INVENTIONS.

For use in polishing knives a handy device is formed of two flat pieces of material, having polishing cushions on their opposing faces, the upper member being pivoted on the lower to admit the knife blade between the two.

A portable fumigating device for purifying small rooms has an oil stove set in the bottom of a casing, with the liquid for fumigation contained in a receptacle at the top, with pipes over the flame to vaporize the liquid.

For use on cigar boxes a box lid and tag support is formed of a piece of metal bent to clamp the end of the box close to the lid, with an extension bent at right angles, to engage the cover when open and hold a price ticket.

The exhaust on steam yachts is muffled by a Southerner's device, the pipe through which the steam escapes entering a channel in the bottom of the boat to be cooled by the water, after which it passes off through a valve under the propeller.

A combined spigot and bung borer has been patented by a Virginian for use in barrels, a spigot of ordinary shape having an auger fixed on the end which enters the barrel, allowing the hole to be instantly closed with the faucet without removing the borer.

An Australian has patented a simple fastener for shoes, consisting of metallic strips attached to the edges of the upper, with a sliding clasp connecting the two strips, being pulled up to the top of the shoe when it is desired to fasten it in place.

Been There Longer than He Had.

A few weeks ago a slumbering native of the Emerald Isle was peacefully reposing on a seat in a city churchyard, when an observant police constable came up to him and said:

"Move along, Pat, my boy. You've been sleeping here too long by far."

The witty Irishman rubbed his eyes and instantly retorted, as he pointed at the tombstones:

"Why don't ye wake some of them up? They've been sleepin' here considerably longer than me."—London Spare Moments.

The man who is prudent in the choice of his companions is provident of his time.

HOMESPUN PHILOSOPHY.

Observations on Commonplace Matters by the Atchison Globe Man.

Nearly everyone prices himself too high.

Most men stand around and "talk" too much.

Success always looks easy for the other fellow.

Every tenth boy is called "Spec." by his companions, on account of freckles.

When a neighbor girl comes to stay all night with his sister, a boy always acts smart.

Every kind of "fun" is a good deal like getting drunk; all right until the bust head sets in.

There ought to be a law against cheap rates on the railroads. They encourage visiting.

When a boy has a love affair, he prefers the hired man as a confidant to either his mother or sisters.

Fifteen out of twenty sermons sound as if based on the same text: "The Lord loves a cheerful giver."

The word "crisis" is abused so much, we are surprised that mother do not apply it to the teething period.

What is the French name for stewed old hen? There is a demand for a French name for this old friend.

If an eligible young man is motherless, how the heart of every mother of grown daughters yearns over him!

A circus cannot be said to have received the highest indorsement unless a boy or two runs away to follow it off.

A woman can walk in front of a house, and tell everything that is cooking in the kitchen, from the whiffs.

If a child is given an ugly name for a relative, all doubts should be dispelled regarding the relative's bank account.

We have noticed that the man who always claims to kill lots of ducks when he goes hunting is unreliable in other respects.

An old maid escapes one severe criticism; the neighbors don't abuse her for the manner in which she is bringing up her children.

Every one thinks that his parents must have made a marriage of convenience; that it couldn't possibly have been a love affair.

When a girl goes away on her first trip on the railroad alone, it is quite an event in the family, and even her father goes to the depot.

The average man has so many grievances that he can begin reciting them at eight o'clock Sunday morning, and have a lot left at six in the evening.

An ideal husband may not always be in position to afford porterhouse steak, but he never lets his wife put on her rubbers in public without assistance.

After a woman has been married ten years, she reserves that half-firting, half-pleading look for the butcher when she wants him to come down on his prices.

When a woman loves her husband it seems to just naturally happen; her husband does not seem to have much to do with it. The men we know whose wives love them, and think they are just right, do not seem to deserve it any more than other men.

The men seem to be slipping away more and more from petticoat rules. For instance, in the matter of acting as god-fathers at christenings; there was a time when a man hardly dared to refuse a woman who asked him to hold a shrieking baby, and promise before a lot of people to see that the baby learned the catechism and walked in the straight and narrow path. A brave man, here and there, began refusing until now the women do not dare ask the men to be god-fathers, and unless the children's fathers can be dragged to the church to stand and mumble the god-father's vows, the preacher is obliged to say them himself.

In Praise of Tea.

Kienlung, the Chinese poet, was a prolific writer, and of all his poems, his immortal "Praise of Tea" is most widely remembered. Written in exquisite characters, it decorates half the old cups, plates and fans of his period. Thus it runs:

Place upon a gentle fire the tripod whose color and form tell of a far antiquity, and fill it with water of molten snow. Let it seethe till it would be hot enough to whiten fish or to redder a crab. Then pour it into a cup upon the tender leaves of a selected fir-tree. Let it rest till the mists which freely rise have formed themselves into thicker clouds, and until these have gradually ceased to weigh upon the surface, and at last float away in vapor; then deliberately sip the delicious liquor. It will drive away all the causes of disquietude that come to trouble us. You may taste and you may feel; but never can you express in words or song that sweet tranquillity we draw from the essence thus prepared.

Curious Clock Movement.

One of the novelties of the horological section of the Paris exposition is a clock, represented to be a perpetual motion clock, but which is actually operated by means of small steel balls which were allowed to fall on a wheel. There are a large number of these balls, and the "winding up" is accomplished by simply taking the balls once a week from the bottom of the clock, where they have accumulated, and placing them in a receptacle at the top of the clock.

Miss Innocent's Hint.

"Did you knock when you came to-night?" asked she.

With a blush, the sly little thing.

"I did, but why do you ask?" said he.

"Oh, I thought you came with a ring."

—Pick-Me-Up.

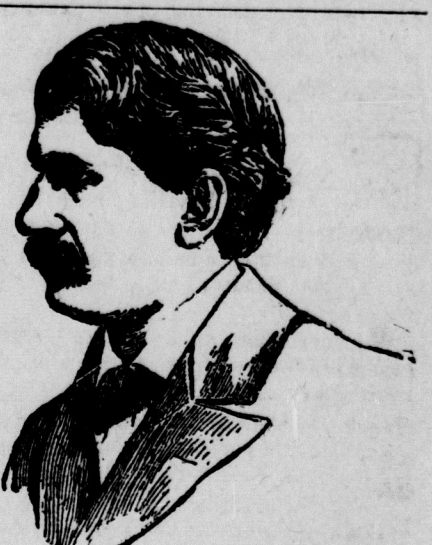
One way to make both ends meet is to tie them together.

CHICAGO'S POET PREACHER.

Dr. Gunsaulus One of America's Most Gifted and Versatile Ministers.

Dr. Frank W. Gunsaulus, pastor of Central Church and former president of Armour Institute, Chicago, is very likely to become president of that great Methodist institution, the Northwestern University. Dr. Gunsaulus is without doubt one of the most gifted, versatile and resourceful preachers in the American pulpit to-day, says the Methodist Magazine.

Dr. Gunsaulus is a native of Ohio and of Spanish ancestry. He is about 40 years old. He was converted when 15 years old. Deciding upon entering the Christian ministry, he chose the Ohio Wesleyan University, from which



REV. DR. F. W. GUNSAULUS.

he graduated with high honors. He became a Methodist itinerant and had remarkable success with the class known as habitual non-churchgoers. It was through his agency that the great Armour Institute was established.

More than 1,200 young men and women receive instruction in this splendid institution every year, the design of which is to help toward the solution of the social problem; to level up and to level down; to assist in rubbing out the lines between the wealthy classes and the laboring classes. Here the millionaire's son and the workman's son stand shoulder to shoulder, learning to see things from the same point of view. Dr. Gunsaulus is also popular as a lecturer, orator and poet.

THE WOMAN TRAMP.

Elizabeth Wrenn, Who Wandered Over the Country, Is Dead.

Elizabeth Wrenn, the woman tramp, who, for several years has been wandering over the United States, is dead. She was taken ill at the home of Mrs. Jacob Hensell, of Lower Merion, and



MISS ELIZABETH WRENN.

was sent by the latter to the home of her sister in Indianapolis, Ind., where she died. Miss Wrenn has been walking for the past four years. Recently her father has been traveling in search of her. It is said that she became a wanderer because of a disappointment in love.

Largest Search-Light in the World.

The largest searchlight in the world is situated on the top of Mount Lowe, in California, at an altitude of 3,500 feet above sea level. It is known as the "Great World's Fair Searchlight," because it was first exhibited at the World's Fair at Chicago. It was subsequently exhibited at the Mid-Winter Fair at San Francisco, where it stood on a tower 200 feet in height. At the close of the last-named fair the searchlight was purchased by Prof. Lowe and removed to its present site. It is of 3,000,000 candle-power, and stands on a wooden base built in octagon form, which has a diameter of eight feet. The total weight of the searchlight is 6,000 pounds. Nevertheless, it is so perfectly mounted and balanced that even a child can move it in any direction. The rays of this searchlight are so powerful that they can be seen at a distance of 150 miles, and the beam of the light is so strong that it is possible to read a newspaper by its light thirty-five miles away.

Placing His Own Voice.

It is not always necessary to go to a singing master to have the voice "placed," as the phrase is. So it would seem, at least, from a story which an English rector tells.

One cold, wet and windy night he came upon one of his parishioners shivering under the arch which spans the high road, over which the railway runs at Shillingstone, his parish. Wondering what the man could be doing, standing on a cold, wet night in the most draughty position imaginable, the rector said:

"What are you doing there?"

"Please, sir," was the reply, "I be going to sing bass next Sunday in the anthem, and I be trying to catch a hooze (wheeze)."

In the lumber trade trees are branch establishments.



the sign language, though some pick it up readily, just as certain persons learn foreign languages more readily than others. The sign talk was in all cases best used by whites who had been among the tribes from early youth. In some cases it was so habitual that it was employed, as it often is by the Indians, as a regular means of daily conversation instead of spoken speech.

To the "tenderfoot" who first went upon the plains in the old days there were some signs or marks which were early accepted as obvious or generally understood. Thus, he saw a slim pile of rocks upon the edge of some coulee or ravine. He did not know what that meant at first, and the older plainsmen told him it was the sign for water. Not even the plainsmen could tell who first invented that sign or who was the first to employ it. It was "always there."

The beginner on the plains learned other things, among these the fact that the plains were capable of vast distances, which could be traversed better by the eye than by the horse or by the weary human foot. A mile away he saw a horseman riding in a circle—a circle which would appear the same when seen from any direction. He did not know what this meant, but when he was told it said "Come ahead," he did not bother about riding over to the man he wanted to have come ahead. He simply rode his circle, just as had the Indians from whom the white men got this plains sign. If the man were on foot and wanted his friends to come ahead he signified it by squatting down and rising up a number of times in succession—a sign which looks pretty much the same from any direction. You can see such a sign a mile or more, and it is easier to talk that way than to try to shout over vacant miles of prairie.

The Indians used yet another sign to say "come ahead" when secrecy was necessary. This was made by taking hold of the lower part of the blanket or robe which one was wearing and holding it out from the body, then motioning with it in toward the legs—a sign as obvious as the beckoning hand, and visible at a greater distance. A blanket fastened to a long pole and thrust up into the air meant to a moving and scattered party: "Go into camp here." Yet other signals, as for "Attention," or "Be careful," were made by the rolled or folded blanket.

Smoke Signals.

The traveler upon the plains in the early days soon learned the significance of the spires of smoke which he sometimes saw rising from a distant ridge

my are too many for us." Two arrows shot up into the air at once meant, "We shall attack." Three at once said, "We attack soon." Four arrows at once said "We attack now." An arrow shot off in a diagonal direction said as plainly as a pointing finger, "That way." Thus it seems that the untutored savage could telephone fairly well at night as well as in the daytime.

In the forests as well as upon the plains it was sometimes necessary for one man to communicate with another while the two were separated by days of time or miles of distance. What boy has not left a slanting stick to tell his companion which path he has taken in the woods? The boy does without instruction precisely what the savage does. When one party of Indians wishes to tell another party where it has gone the leader places a stick, stuck slantwise in the ground, pointing in the direction taken by the departing party. This is an index finger, saying plainly, "That way." But if the newly arriving party saw a cross stick stuck into the earth at right angles to the index it was known, in the language of the signs, that the first party intended to travel one day. Two cross sticks meant two days, and so on. These people could not write a letter to pin upon the stick, but their message was none the less plain to those who read it.

Sign Talk Proper.

Such were some of the long distance signals of the tribes, simple and easily understood by all. This is something interesting to study, but it has properly no connection with the sign language used as a common vehicle of communication in conversation. The sign language proper was executed by the movements, gestures and positions of the hands and arms, sometimes of other members of the body. To learn the simple signals of the plains was easy to any one who cared to do so, but the mastery of the sign talk was a matter far more complex and difficult and for some white men the task was too much. Indeed, it seems that there were degrees of proficiency in the sign talk even among the Indians themselves.

Some of the Indian signs are simple and readily understood. When the sign talker straddled his left hand with the two split fingers of the right you caught the idea of "horse" almost at once. When he held the hands thus and advanced them with a series of short, choppy, forward movements, you saw that the horse was going, that it was galloping. When the talker hooked his two forefingers and held his hands up at the sides of his head you saw the

him, whose name he does not know, about which he is in doubt, he points to it, then shakes his loosely extended fingers in front of him. "What is that?" "I don't know what that is," he says, plainly, when you come to think of it.

Now, stop to think what you do with your hand when you say "No" and say it emphatically. What does the heroine do on the stage when she spurns the villain's suit? Hand palm out, swept sharply down to the right. It is "No" as plain as can be. Upon the other hand, we all know the implication of the extended hand when it is held in front of the body, as when one shakes hands or is pleased, or says it is all right—the gesture of assent or of concurrence. When the Indian would say "Good; it is all right," he throws out his right hand in front of him, palm down, the edge of the hand away from him. When he says "Yes" he snaps his forefinger down upon the hand as he brings the hand quickly down in front of him. It is hard to explain, but when you see him do it you know he means "I've got you."

One will not see so much of the old sign talk among the tribes to-day if he travels among the reservations of the West, for the Indian is nothing if not practical, and he does anything in the easiest possible way. The changes in his life have rendered it unnecessary for him to rely much upon the sign language. There are halfbreeds and Carlisle graduates to interpret for him, and he likes to stand up before the Great Father and make a speech in that way, being always an orator, an actor, and an individual well aware of the full value of stage effect and dramatic action. He does not use the sign language because he does not have to use it. Hence it is now passing away. Scientists are beginning to study it, and are making minute records regarding the old speech of the plains. The United States government and the Smithsonian Institution are doing all they can to learn the old forms. The few trappers and hunters of the past who were once familiar with the sign talk, and who still live to tell us about it are sought out and interviewed carefully. Once a common fact, because it arose from a common necessity, it is now disappearing to join the ancient and soon to be forgotten story of one of the most interesting and most dramatic regions ever known in all the history of the world.

Some of the unhappiest people on earth have more money than they know what to do with.

Women Who have the Blues

Despondency in women is a mental condition directly traceable to some distinctly female ill. Well women don't have the blues, but comparatively few people understand that the right medicine will drive them away.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

overcomes the blues, because it is the safeguard of woman's health.

It regulates the entire female organism as nothing else does. When the dragging sensation and the backache go, the blues will go also.

Read the letters from women appearing in this paper—women who have tried it and know. There are a million such women.

An Expelled M. P.'s Prayer.
During the first half of the eighteenth century one of the members for a southern constituency was expelled from the house of commons for forgery and indeed endured the purgatory of standing in the pillory for a day. He was a man of unctuous piety, and his career in many respects resembled that of Jabez Balfour in later days. After his death the following prayer was found in his own handwriting among his papers:

"O Lord, thou knowest that I have nine houses in the city of London and that I have lately purchased an estate in fee simple in the county of Essex. I beseech thee to preserve the two counties of Middlesex and Essex from a mortgage and earthquake, and as I have a mortgage in Herefordshire I beg of thee to have an eye of compassion also on that county, and for the rest of the counties thou mayest deal with them as thou art pleased. Give a prosperous voyage to the Mermaid, because I have not insured her, and enable the bank to meet their bills."—St. James Gazette.

Steam and Battleship.
A whole fleet in the days of Nelson could be built and fitted out at little more than the cost of a single ironclad. The coal expended on a single cruise would pay for the refitting of his whole battle line, while the immense shells required to make any impression on the modern armor plate cost more than his whole armament. But the modern line of battle ship could neither be built, armed nor fought without the use of steam, and its evolution may be said to have commenced with the first application of the steam engine to navigation. —London Standard

Health for Ten Cents.
A lively liver, pure blood, clean skin, bright eyes, perfect health—Cascarets Candy Cathartic will obtain and secure them for you. All druggists, 10c, 25c, 50c.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY
Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c.

Whiskers are not always proof of mature manhood.

In Garfield Tea
we have a combination of simple HERBS that has given the world its greatest blood purifier.

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.

Piso Cure cannot be too highly spoken of as a cough cure.—J. W. O'Brien, 322 Third Ave., N., Minneapolis, Minn., Jan. 6, 1900.

E. W. Grove

This signature is on every box of the genuine Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets the remedy that cures a cold in one day

Gilt Edge Whiskey costs no more than any others, and being purer should be called for. Wichman, Luzen & Co., San Francisco, Cal., sole proprietors for U.S.A.

Adams Sarsaparilla Pills
Chocolate coated, very small, easy to take as sugar. CURE SICK HEADACHE, CONSTIPATION, BILIOUSNESS, DYSPEPSIA, SALLOW COMPLEXION, PURIFY THE BLOOD. 10c-25c. Druggists; or mail, Adams Co., S.F., Cal.

TOWER'S FISH BRAND Oiled Clothing
BLACK OR YELLOW—WILL KEEP YOU DRY IN THE HARDEST STORM.
TAKE NO SUBSTITUTES. FREE CATALOGUES SHOWING FULL LINE OF GARMENTS AND HATS. A. J. TOWER CO. BOSTON, MASS.

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TRUMPET CALLS.

Ram's Horn Sounds a Warning Note to the Unredeemed.



BIBLE is of little value till it is the worse for wear.

Heavenly living here is the only sure argument for heaven beyond life.

Christ only comes to dwell in the hearts of those who are watching for His coming in glory.

The power of a tear-drop is in that it rises in the heart.

The Christian can only find satisfaction where he finds salvation.

The hypocrite says, "Leave my sins alone and chase those heretics."

If you have religion by proxy you may have heaven in the same way.

There are some things you must both be and live before you can believe.

A man is not a champion of truth because he howls at all who differ from him.

The artillery of skepticism often opens up new mines in the mountains of God.

Blessed are they who are thrown to the lions, for Daniel is there and so is his God.

Only the man who can say, "All my springs are in thee," can go through the dry and thirsty land.

It is a good deal easier to demonstrate that men may become monkeys than that monkeys have become men.

Hindrances are the ever-ascending rungs in the ladder God makes for us.

When there is sunshine in the soul there will be flowers and fruit in the life.

MISLED BY THE LIGHT.

How Mullet Catch Themselves at Flood Tide on the Virgi in Coast.

The mullet that figure in the following story from Outing eventually went the way of all fish, but the account of their passage from their native element to the frying pan is marked by some interesting and spectacular features.

"How would you like to catch fish without hook, line, net or seine?"

"Shoot them, you mean?"

"No."

"How then?"

"Let them jump into the boat."

"Oh, that's preposterous."

For reply, the first speaker, a Virginian living near Cherrystone Inlet, north of Cape Charles, called to a passing negro and asked him if the "fatbacks" were running.

"Reasonabul, suh, reasonabul," was the answer. "Dey hez been better, en dey hez been wuss."

"Be ready to take us to shore after supper," the Virginian said to the negro.

To his visitor's eager questions he returned the uniform reply: "Wait until nightfall."

It was dark when they finished supper, and there were clouds in the sky—conditions pronounced "ideal" for the sport. Within an hour they were on the soft, smooth beach of one of the inlets on the Chesapeake side. There was the fishing boat, a long canoe or dugout. At the stern was a platform, on which was a basin half full of earth. Behind the stern seat was a pile of light wood knots. The negroes had long poles.

"Now," said the Virginian to his visitor, "all we ask of you is to keep as still as you can."

In a few minutes the canoe was shoved gently through the water. By this time a bonfire had been started on the soil in the basin, and as the flames got hold on the resin of the pine knots, the glare lighted up the big trees that lined the shore.

"They're jumpin'," announced the negro in the bow, in a very hoarse whisper.

The negro in the stern gave a more vigorous shove with the pole, and before anybody could say "Jack Robinson!" plump! plump! plump! the fish came jumping into the boat, over the boat, on laps, and even up sleeves!

There were thousands of them, but the sportsmen got only the smallest fraction of those they saw; for when they counted their catch, at the end of an hour or so, by the light of the bonfire, they found that there were one hundred and forty-three.

"That is very ordinary," was the Virginian's comment. "Three hundred is a good catch."

Fatback is the local name for the small mullet which abound in these waters. And there is no mystery about the ease with which they are caught. On the flood-tides after dark they get into the shallows in the streams for food. They have great leaping ability, and when surprised make for deep water by leaps and bounds. The glare from a boat startles them. The body of the boat being dark, they do not see it, and when they jump into it they think they are going through space into deep water.

A Great Catalogue.

The printing of the British Museum Author's Catalogue is now completed up to the end of 1899. The compilation of this enormous work has occupied twenty years' incessant toil, and has entailed a total cost of \$200,000. The catalogue comprises four hundred large thick volumes, and seventy supplements. The staff which has been engaged upon this work is now devoting its attention to the compilation of a subject index, which it is estimated will keep them fully occupied for another ten years.

Some children cry for cause and others for pure meanness.

A PORTER'S MISTAKE.

The Story of a Lady's Frizzes and an Actor's Rage.

As the porter passed through the car she called him aside. There was a whisper and a gleam of silver.

"Now, remember they are in the yellow satchel."

"Can't miss dem, ma'am."

"You won't let any one see you?"

"No, ma'am."

"The major is sitting in that car."

"He won't see me, ma'am."

"Well, here is the key."

The porter took the key and passed through to the next car.

"Guess dis am it," he said, slipping the thin key in the lock of a yellow satchel. He put his hand in the satchel and pulled out a bunch of hair. Then he relocked the satchel.

"Heah's yo' frizzes, ma'am!"

"Don't speak so loud."

"Anything else, ma'am?"

"That's all, I believe. I just have a minute to put these on before dinner."

The porter reached the platform in time to meet an irate tragedian.

"Not a step!" he thundered in tones that almost lifted the porter's cap.

"What have you done with my whiskers, boy?"

"Your whiskers, sah?"

"Yes; my false beard. The passengers say you opened my satchel with a skeleton key. Where are those whiskers?"

"Laws," muttered the porter, "Ah went in de wrong satchel!"

Just then a lady passed toward the dining car.

"Dah's yo' whiskers, sah," grinned the porter, "on top ob dat lady's haid!" —Chicago News.

The Other Way.

He—Bertha, I am going to ask you a question, a question which will have a lasting effect upon my life as you answer it. Bertha, dear, will you be a sister to me?

She—Charley, I can't do that, but I will be your wife.—Boston Transcript.

Life Insurance Contracts.

The business of life insurance having become so tremendous and the competition so great, it seems as though in the rush for business that the real character and meaning of the policy contracts which are being issued by the various companies are not always understood, and that under the guise of the so-called five, ten or twenty year "distribution" policies and the five, ten or twenty year "accumulation" policies many of the leading companies are doing everything possible to avoid allowing annual dividends. The dividends thus withheld for long periods of years, ostensibly for the benefit of persistent survivors, are forfeited and confiscated by such "tontine" companies in case of either the death of the insured or lapse of his policy from non-payment of premium at any time during the said five, ten or twenty year periods, and the withheld dividends are thus practically available for expenses. But there are still a few companies which are unalterably opposed to the aforesaid "lottery" or "tontine dividend" system, and which divide up their surplus annually among their members, notably among them stands the Mutual Benefit Life Insurance Company of Newark, N. J., which is, in fact, the leading annual dividend company of the country.

Regarding the dividend paying ability of the principal companies, the official reports of the business for the past 10 years show that, with over \$950,000,000 less premiums than the three largest "tontine" companies, namely, the Mutual Life, the Equitable Life, and the New York Life combined, the Mutual Benefit, the leading "Annual Distribution" Company, has saved more than twice as much of its interest receipts from investments above expenses for policyholders, as all of said "tontine" companies—the Mutual Benefit, as shown below, having thus saved \$14,572,936.

Good agents wanted in all the interior cities and towns.

James Munsell, Jr., Manager, 503 California street, corner Montgomery, San Francisco.

The young Swedish explorer, Sven Hedin, whose adventures and researches on "the roof of the world" have made him renowned, wrote for The Youth's Companion before starting on his present expedition a vivid description of a journey through the wilds of Mongolia. This is among the many features of interest announced for publication in the next volume.

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When you take Grove's Tasteless Chilli Tonic because the formula is plainly printed on every bottle showing that it is simply Iron and Quinine in a tasteless form. No Cure, No Pay. 50c.

The lead pencil originated with the discovery of the graphite mines in England in 1564, during the reign of Queen Elizabeth.

In 1843 England conquered and annexed the Orange Free State and evacuated it six years later.

General Debility

Day in and out there is that feeling of weakness that makes a burden of itself. Food does not strengthen. Sleep does not refresh.

It is hard to do, hard to bear, what should be easy—vitality is on the ebb, and the whole system suffers. For this condition take

Hood's Sarsaparilla

It vitalizes the blood, gives vigor and tone to all the organs and functions, and is positively unequalled for all run-down or debilitated conditions.

Hood's PILLS cure constipation. 25 cents.

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Our Nation's Wealth.

The material wealth and strength of our nation is in iron, the most useful of all metals, just as the wealth of a human being lies in a useful stomach. If you have overworked yours, try Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. It will relieve the clogged bowels, improve the appetite and cure constipation, dyspepsia and biliousness.

Between propriety and impropriety the line of demarcation is so very indistinct that we often take advantage of the doubt.

HOW'S THIS?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

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Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surface of the system. Price 50c per bottle. Sold by all druggists. Testimonials free.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

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is a wonderful preparation composed of HERBS that act on the liver permanently, curing constipation.

The pen is mightier than the sword; the typewriter more formidable than both.

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Chills and Fever is a bottle of GROVE'S TASTELESS CHILL TONIC. It is simply iron and quinine in a tasteless form. No cure—no pay. Price 50c.

WANTED, women and girls to do piece work for us at their homes. We furnish all material and pay from \$7 to \$12 weekly. Experience unnecessary. Send stamped envelope to Desk Y, Royal Mfg. Co., 31 Monroe St., Chicago, Ill.

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To all persons commencing within two months a new course by mail in practical shorthand will be given by R. B. Gallagher, the expert court reporter, for \$2. Text book furnished free. Better results accomplished by this means than by attending any so-called Business College for same length of time. Don't let this opportunity slip. Mail classes now forming. Address: Gallagher-Marsh College, Parrott Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

Caution.

Ask for Kentucky Favorite Whiskey. Take always the best when you drink. Spruance, Stanley & Co., San Francisco, Proprietors.

E. L. Van der Naillen, who for the last five years has been Chief Engineer for the Spreckels sugar plantations in the Hawaiian Islands, will return in a few days to resume his old position of Field Instructor with the Van der Naillen School of Engineering at San Francisco.

\$24 Per Week

To men with rigs to introduce our poultry food among farmers. Address, with stamp, Acme Mfg. Co., Kansas City, Mo.

Stops the Cough

Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets cure a cold in one day. No Cure, No Pay. Price 25 cents.

Warned.

Once when Mrs. Kendal was taking the role of Galatea in Dublin she had an amusing experience. Pygmalion, it will be remembered, had a jealous wife. During the temporary absence of that lady Galatea was about to throw herself into the arms of Pygmalion when an old dame in the audience cried warningly: "Don't do it, darlint! His wife's just gone out, and shure it'll be like her to be listenin at the key-hole."

Scrofula

THE OFFSPRING OF HEREDITARY BLOOD TAIN.

Scrofula is but a modified form of Blood Poison and Consumption. The parent child is tainted by either will see in the child the same disease manifesting itself in the form of swollen glands of the neck and throat, catarrh, weak eyes, offensive sores and abscesses and oftentimes white swelling—sure signs of Scrofula. There may be no external signs for a long time, but the poison is in the blood and will break out at the first favorable opportunity. S. S. S. cures this wasting, destructive disease by first purifying and building up the blood and stimulating and invigorating the whole system.

J. M. Seal, 115 Public Square, Nashville, Tenn., says: "Ten years ago my daughter fell and cut the side of her face became swollen and burst. Some of the best doctors here and elsewhere attended her without any benefit. We decided to try S. S. S., and a few bottles cured her entirely."

SSS makes new and pure blood to nourish and strengthen the body, and is a positive and safe cure for Scrofula.

It overcomes all forms of blood poison, whether inherited or acquired, and effectively cleanses the blood. If you have any blood trouble, or your child has inherited some blood taint, take S. S. S., and get the blood in good condition and prevent the disease doing further damage.

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The Dust of Ocean.

A "dusty" ocean highway sounds almost incredible. Yet those who are familiar with sailing ships know that no matter how carefully the decks may be washed down in the morning and how little work of any kind may be done during the day nevertheless if the decks are not swept at nightfall an enormous quantity of dust will quickly collect. Of course on the modern "liner" the burning of hundreds of tons of coal every 24 hours and the myriads of footfalls daily would account for a considerable accumulation of dust, but on a "wind jammer," manned with a dozen hands or less, no such dust producing agencies are at work. And yet the records of sailing ships show that they collect more sea dust than does a steamer, which is probably accounted for by the fact that while the dust laden smoke blows clear of the steamer the large area of canvas spread by the sailer acts as a dust collector.—Mariner.

It Hurt Him.

Candid Friend—I think young Rymor, the poet, felt hurt at a remark you made the other night.

His Companion—What did I say?

C. F.—You said there was only one Shakespeare.—Exchange.

DYSPEPSIA

"For six years I was a victim of dyspepsia in its worst form. I could eat nothing but milk toast, and at times my stomach would not retain and digest even that. Last March I began taking CASCARETS and since then I have steadily improved, until I am as well as I ever was in my life."

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Where an independent railroad system gives ample switching privileges to every industry.

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Where some of the largest industries in the State are today located and in full operation.

Where hundreds of thousands of dollars have already been spent in perfecting the locality for manufacturing purposes.

Where the South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company own **THIRTY-FOUR HUNDRED** acres of land and **Seven Miles of Water Front** on the San Francisco Bay, and on the main line of the Southern Pacific Railroad.

Where, in fact, rail, wharf and other privileges are unexcelled for manufacturing purposes by any other locality on the coast.

If you desire such a location come and see what we have in South San Francisco, San Mateo County.

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TO HOME-SEEKERS

The South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company, comprising many San Francisco, Chicago and New York capitalists, created in San Mateo county a new town site known as South San Francisco. This town site is situated on the main line of the Southern Pacific Railroad, and also on the Southern Pacific Bay Shore Railroad, soon to be finished; it is also at the terminus of the San Francisco and San Mateo Electric Railway.

South San Francisco was platted as a town just prior to the great financial panic of 1893 and 1894; during all that period of financial wreck and ruin, when almost every new enterprise and many old-established institutions were actually swept out of existence, she has held her own and is to-day a prosperous community with a population of nearly eight hundred people.

Upwards of \$2,000,000 in cash have been expended in laying the foundation of this new town. Most of the streets have been graded, curbed and sewered, miles of concrete sidewalk laid, trees planted along the main highways, and a water-works plant completed, giving an abundant supply of pure artesian water for every purpose. But the foundation laid in what is known as the manufacturing district of this town site constitutes above all others the most positive guarantee for the future of South San Francisco.

There is no stability nor permanency so absolute respecting real estate values, and the future growth of any community like that which is based upon industries giving employment to men. The facilities created by the founders of South San Francisco have already secured to her several large manufacturing enterprises, and will soon secure many more; this means not only an increase in population, but an enhancement in real estate values.

South San Francisco has passed the experimental stage, and is now an established town. Many of her lot owners who have properly improved their holdings are even to-day realizing from ten to twenty per cent net on their investments. How many communities as new as South San Francisco can make this boast?

An independent community in itself, with its own supporting elements, and at the same time close to the metropolis of California, and in the direction in which San Francisco must necessarily grow, already reached by some of the city's street car service, and certain to be on the line of any new railroad entering San Francisco, South San Francisco presents to-day opportunities for investment among the safest and best on the Pacific Coast.

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